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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mr. Pickwick and Others

EVERY so often in the midst of our conviction that a new order has set in dislodging the gods of the past we are brought sharply to rights by some incident proving those gods to be potent as of old. Take Dickens, for instance. Our wiseacres have been telling us this past decade or two that he is outmoded; that his characters are puppets, his sentiment bathos, and the taste for him a laughable Victorianism. Then along comes the hundredth anniversary of that ride that was never made by Mr. Pickwick and his friends from the Golden Cross to Rochester and sober Englishmen fit out a coach, man it with masqueraders, and reverently repeat the famous journey. That is the true immortality—never to have had substantiality but still to have so much reality that a pious pilgrimage commemorates your non-existence! We wonder which of the personalities which our teeming literature of recent years has produced will so establish itself in the affections of the public as to draw forth memorial ceremonies when its centenary arrives. And we dare hazard the guess that so long as fiction concerns itself more with states of mind and emotion than with conduct we may continue to get from it admirable psychographs but hardly figures to be loved and cherished.

But, it might be asked, is not conduct the product of states of mind and emotion shaped to a definite course by deliberate choice? And when you have analyzed the stream of consciousness and depicted impulse translated into action, have you not, as our present-day delineator of character would maintain, portrayed the essential man, and should you not, according to formula, have produced a figure instinct with life? The fact is, you haven't. And you haven't because men and women as they appear to their associates are not the sum of mental states, or of mental states plus emotional reactions, but of attitudes of mind and compulsions of feeling playing through, but often concealed, by little mannerisms, tricks of speech, fashions of deportment, buttresses of habit and convention—small externalities that differentiate even while they standardize persons.

* * *

Dickens knew this, and he lifted Mr. Pickwick, and Mr. Micawber, and Uriah Heep, and Mr. Veneering, and a score of other characters to immortality by identifying them with certain traits and thereby investing them with a lifelikeness that no mere psychological analysis could ever have produced. Perhaps he caricatured humanity—we will grant that to his detractors—but only in the sense that he made the individual the norm rather than the actuality. Dickens characters may not exist, but nevertheless they are real, more real than the reality. As a writer in a recent issue of the *Manchester Guardian* says: "Thackeray's characters are men you meet every day, but Dickens's characters are men you want to meet every day, and, alas! never do. Thackeray's Londoners are mortal, but Dickens's are immortal." They are the types to which we refer the flesh and blood persons of our acquaintance and they take their place in the thought and speech of the literate world not as creatures of the imagination but as familiar acquaintances.

More and more has character been becoming a passive agency in the hands of the novelists. It is a thing to be dissected, to be exposed through the minute exploration of the inhibitions and impulses of the subject, not a thing to reveal itself in idiosyncrasy of speech and action. Yet character of all things is least capable of categorical representation, for of all things it is most constantly in process of modification. What remains fixed to it are certain predominant qualities—the qualities that Dickens seized upon and in seizing upon produced certain types recognizably true. He was nearer the truth when he presented his figures as the embodiments of these qualities—no matter how he exaggerated the extent to which they predominated in any individual—than are those authors who, probing more deeply, become so mazed in the complexities of their heroes' thoughts and motives as to present personality as a procession of states of mind and feeling instead of as an amalgam of them given distinctiveness by certain predominant traits and mannerisms that set the stamp of individuality.

Duality

By KENNETH SLADE ALLING

THE facets of the flesh require
For their reflections outward fire.

But all unfaceted the soul
Shines from an inner aureole.

They are dissimilar, these jewels,
Lighted by flames from different fuels,

As equally dissimilar
As is the planet and the star.

But stars and planets light the face
Of all the universe of space,

And the dim universe of me
Needs likewise its duality.

This Week

When Debts Are Politics. By *James W. Angell*

"The Prodigious Lover." Reviewed by *Randall Thompson*

"The Letters of George Gissing." Reviewed by *William McFee*

"Trumpets of Jubilee," and "A Methodist Saint." Reviewed by *John Bakeless*

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Next Week, or Later

"The American Secretaries of State." Reviewed by *John Corbin*

Invocation*

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

AMERICAN muse, whose strong and diverse heart
So many men have tried to understand
But only made it smaller with their art,
Because you are as various as your land,

As mountainous-deep, as flowered with blue rivers,
Thirsty with deserts, buried under snows,
As native as the shape of Navajo quivers,
And native, too, as the sea-voyaged rose.

Swift runner, never captured or subdued,
Seven-branched elk beside the mountain stream,
That half a hundred hunters have pursued
But never matched their bullets with the dream,

Where the great huntsmen failed, I set my sorry
And mortal snare for your immortal quarry.

You are the buffalo-ghost, the broncho-ghost
With dollar-silver in your saddle-horn,
The cowboys riding in from Painted Post,
The Indian arrow in the Indian corn,

And you are the clipped velvet of the lawns
Where Shropshire grows from Massachusetts sods,
The grey Maine rocks—and the war-painted dawns
That break above the Garden of the Gods.

The prairie-schooners crawling toward the ore
And the cheap car, parked by the station-door.

Where the skyscrapers lift their foggy plumes
Of stranded smoke out of a stony mouth
You are that high stone and its arrogant fumes,
And you are ruined gardens in the South

And bleak New England farms, so winter-white
Even their roofs look lonely, and the deep
The middle grainland where the wind of night
Is like all blind earth sighing in her sleep.

A friend, an enemy, a sacred hag
With two tied oceans in her medicine-bag.

They tried to fit you with an English song
And clip your speech into the English tale.
But, even from the first, the words went wrong,
The catbird pecked away the nightingale.

The homesick men begot high-cheekboned things
Whose wit was whittled with a different sound
And Thames and all the rivers of the kings
Ran into Mississippi and were drowned.

They planted England with a stubborn trust.
But the cleft dust was never English dust.

Stepchild of every exile from content
And all the disavouched, hard-bitten pack
Shipped overseas to steal a continent
With neither shirts nor honor to their back.

Pimping grandee and rump-faced regicide,
Apple-cheeked younkers from a windmill-square,
Puritans stubborn as the nails of Pride,
Rakes from Versailles and thieves from County Clare,

*This poem is the introduction to the third book of "John Brown's Body," an epic on which Mr. Benét is at present at work.

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The black-robed priests who broke their hearts in vain
To make you God and France or God and Spain.

These were your lovers in your buckskin-youth.
And each one married with a dream so proud
He never knew it could not be the truth
And that he coupled with a girl of cloud.

And now to see you is more difficult yet
Except as an immensity of wheel
Made up of wheels, oiled with inhuman sweat
And glittering with the heat of ladled steel.

All these you are, and each is partly you,
And none is false, and none is wholly true.

So how to see you as you really are,
So how to suck the pure, distillate, stored
Essence of essence from the hidden star
And make it pierce like a riposting sword.

For, as we hunt you down, you must escape
And we pursue a shadow of our own
That can be caught in a magician's cape
But has the flatness of a painted stone.

Never the running stag, the gull at wing,
The pure elixir, the American thing.

And yet, at moments when the mind was hot
With something fierier than joy or grief,
When each known spot was an eternal spot
And every leaf was an immortal leaf,

I think that I have seen you, not as one,
But clad in diverse semblances and powers,
Always the same, as light falls from the sun,
And always different, as the differing hours.

Yet, through each altered garment that you wore,
The naked body, shaking the heart's core.

All day the snow fell on that Eastern town
With its soft, pelting, little, endless sigh
Of infinite flakes that brought the tall sky down
Till I could put my hands in the white sky

And taste cold scraps of heaven on my tongue
And walk in such a changed and luminous light
As gods inhabit when the gods are young.
All day it fell. And when the gathered night

Was a blue shadow cast by a pale glow
I saw you then, snow-image, bird of the snow.

And I have seen and heard you in the dry
Close-huddled furnace of the city street
When the parched moon was planted in the sky
And the limp air hung dead against the heat.

I saw you rise, red as that rusty plant,
Dizzied with lights, half-mad with senseless sound,
Enormous metal, shaking to the chant
Of a triphammer striking iron ground.

Enormous power, ugly to the fool,
And beautiful as a well-handled tool.

These, and the memory of that windy day
On the bare hills, beyond the last barbed wire,
When all the orange poppies bloomed one way
As if a breath would blow them into fire,

I keep forever, like the sea-lion's tusk
The broken sailor brings away to land,
But when he touches it, he smells the musk,
And the whole sea lies hollow in his hand.

So, from a hundred visions, I make one,
And out of darkness build my mocking sun.

And should that task seem fruitless in the eyes
Of those a different magic sets apart
To see through the ice-crystal of the wise
No nations but the nation that is Art,

Their words are just. But when the birchbark-call
Is shaken with the sound that hunters make
The moose comes plunging through the forest-wall
Although the rifle waits beside the lake.

Art has no nations—but the mortal sky
Lingers like gold in immortality.

This flesh was seeded from no foreign grain
But Pennsylvania and Kentucky wheat,
And it has soaked in California rain
And five years tempered in New England sleet

To strive at last, against an alien proof
And by the changes of an alien moon,
To build again that blue, American roof
Over a half-forgotten battle-tune,

And call unsurely, from a haunted ground,
Armies of shadows, and the shadow-sound.

In your Long House there is an attic-place
Full of dead epics and machines that rust,
And there, occasionally, with casual face,
You come awhile to stir the sleepy dust,

Neither in pride nor mercy, but in vast
Indifference at so many gifts unsought,
The yellowed satins, smelling of the past,
And all the loot the lucky pirates brought.

I only bring a cup of silver air.
Yet, in your casualness, receive it there.

Receive the dream too haughty for the breast,
Receive the words that should have walked as bold
As the storm walks along the mountain-crest
And are like beggars whining in the cold.

The maimed presumption, the unskilful skill,
The patchwork colors, fading from the first,
And all the fire that fretted at the will
With such a barren ecstasy of thirst.

Receive them all—and should you choose to touch them
With one slant ray of quick, American light,
Even the dust will have no power to smutch them,
Even the worst will glitter in the night.

If not—the dry bones littered by the way
May still point giants toward their golden prey.

When Debts are Politics*

By James W. Angell
Columbia University

No international question of the present day has been more widely discussed than the war debts and their settlement, and no question is more important. At a time when political and economic stability is at last being restored throughout the world, and when a new spirit of international trust and coöperation has at last begun to yield visible fruits, the debt question still constitutes one of the great remaining sore spots in Europe, and perhaps one of the great danger spots. Especially with respect to the debts due the American government, an extraordinary bitterness of feeling has developed on both sides of the Atlantic. The real facts and the real issues have become so badly obscured and distorted in the resulting controversy, and the maintenance of equitable international relationships is so vital a concern to every country, that it is eminently worth while to examine the elements in the situation with some care. Certain facts are beyond dispute; others are not. The justly-minded citizen must form his own opinion, and appraise the actions of his government accordingly.

The great bulk of the inter-governmental debts had their origin in the war-time requirements of the European Allies for manufactures and raw materials, needed directly in the war itself or for the support of the civilian populations. The Continental Allies mobilized so large a part of their peoples, that the remainder literally could not produce enough munitions for the troops. They had to secure the balance from England, and later from the United States. Similarly both the Continental Allies, and even England herself, lacked many foodstuffs and essential raw materials, and had to turn to the United States for them. To pay for these purchases, supplies of sterling and of dollars far in excess of anything that could be secured in the exchange markets were necessary. The only way of getting such supplies in adequate volume was the floating of loans in England and in the United States; and as a practical matter that meant primarily borrowing *between governments*. Open-market borrowing here, for example, and the return of American securities held abroad, accounted for less than fifteen per cent of the Allied expenditures in the United States. In that situation, in the catastrophic emergency of war and war finance, lies the origin of over ninety per cent of the inter-governmental debts. The remainder is accounted for chiefly by loans for relief and reconstruction made after the Armistice.

At the time of the Armistice the gross total of the inter-governmental debts had reached a sum in excess of twenty-one billion dollars. Every country involved, except the United States, was a debtor; but because of the interchange of operations and accounts many were also creditors. England and the United States, however, were the only nations with a *net excess* of credits. By 1923, when the first important negotiations for a settlement of the debts began, the gross total of the debts had risen to twenty-eight billions. Apart from the relatively small relief loans, this huge increase *after* the cessation of hostilities was due chiefly to the accumulation of unpaid interest charges. The United States was owed eleven billions, and England three and three quarters billions net. France was in debt three and a half billions net; Italy four billions, and Russia four and a half billions.

* * *

Thus by 1923 the United States was very much the largest creditor in the inter-governmental account, and it is around our action in dealing with the debts that most of the recent controversy has centered. Eleven billion dollars, of which all but eight per cent arose directly from the war-time needs of the Allies, was owed to us by seventeen countries. At the present time settlements have been made with twelve of these countries, while the Mellon-Bérenger agreement with France is still pending. The remaining unsettled debts are of relatively slight importance, and as far as action by the American government goes it is substantially correct to say that the first phase of the debt question is closed. Both the terms of the various settlements themselves, however, and even the fact that any settlement at all was required, have given rise to bitter criticism and protest on the part of the debtors. As things worked out, the American government now appears to have followed a perhaps opportunistic compromise policy, making concessions far greater than some of the debtors will admit, but far smaller than they regard as just. What has this policy been?

The loans granted to the Allies for military purposes were made under authority of certain clauses in the Liberty and Victory Loan Acts. The language of those Acts was quite unmistakable. They provided that the obligations purchased by our government from foreign governments—remember that these were all *inter-governmental* operations—should bear the same rate of interest, and carry the same general terms, as the corresponding obligations of the United States issued to provide the necessary funds. If this provision had been carried out, the debts would now bear from four to five per cent interest, and would be amortized in full over the next ten to thirty years. The War Debt Funding Act of 1922 similarly stressed the repayment in full of the principal of the debts. It authorized a reduction of the interest charges to four and a quarter per cent; but in most other respects paralleled the stipulations of the Liberty Loan Acts, except for a passing reference to discretionary justice.

When the time came for making actual funding agreements, however, in 1923 and subsequent years, the Debt Funding Commission proceeded on a different and more moderate basis. It has admittedly secured the repayment of the principal of all the loans, if the principal be regarded simply as a certain number of dollars. But it has reduced the interest charges in all cases, and has spread out the amortizations over sixty-two years. This action has produced terms very different from the terms of the present national debt of the United States. Including the unratified agreement with France, the total principal of the debt as funded is eleven and a half billion dollars. This is substantially equal to the principal of the debts as originally contracted, plus accumulated interest. But it is only the *nominal* principal. The interest payments are so cut down, and the period of amortization is so lengthened, that the effective or *real* principal, calculated on a business basis, is very much smaller than this. At an interest rate of four and a

*World War Debt Settlements. By Harold Glenn Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $2.

Italy's International Economic Situation. By Constance McGuire. The same.

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quarter per cent, it is a little under seven billions, or only sixty per cent of the nominal funded principal. It is therefore quite wrong to say that we have been ungenerous. Relative to the original legal status of the debts, we have been generous to a very marked degree.

But our generosity, and the resulting reductions, have been extraordinarily different in different cases. To Great Britain we granted a reduction of only eighteen per cent, although Great Britain borrowed from us only in order to re-lend the proceeds to the Continental Allies. To Italy, on the other hand, we gave a reduction of seventy-four per cent; while to France we gave only fifty per cent, and to war-flooded Belgium only forty-six per cent. These are the four most important debts, and cover ninety-six per cent of the principal sums originally due us. The Debt Funding Commission justified these extreme divergences by asserting that they reflect differences in the capacity to pay of the debtor countries. Of this principle more will be said in a moment.

Such, then, has been the debt settlement policy of the United States. We have reduced the aggregate present value of the debts from a nominal principal sum of eleven and a half billion dollars to an effective principal sum, computed at four and a quarter per cent, of under seven billions. The average reduction thus amounts to forty per cent; but the amount of the reduction differs in each important case, and ranges from seventy-four per cent for Italy all the way down to eighteen per cent for Great Britain. Including the unratified agreement with France, the settlements entitle us to receive somewhat under two hundred and twenty millions a year through 1930; three hundred and fifty millions by 1940; and a maximum of four hundred and twenty-two millions in 1983. The payments cease entirely in 1987.

The settlements and the policy that underlies them have been bitterly attacked, both at home and abroad, and ardently defended. Although at first confused by the warmth of personal and national feeling evoked, the main points at issue are now becoming clearly defined.

* * *

The American government, and its supporters in this country, take the general view that the debts are essentially commercial obligations, incurred voluntarily by the debtors in the full expectation that repayment would be demanded and made; that there is no conceivable ground on which further cancellation can justly be asked for; and that such action would be entirely unfair to the American taxpayer. They insist that the impoverishment of the debtors by the war and by the post-war crises is adequately and equitably allowed for by those reductions in the various debts which have been granted, according to estimated capacity to pay, quite as in the bankruptcy proceedings of private law. They assert further that the remaining burdens now effectively placed on the debtors are really not burdens at all, since the debt payments due this government are in the aggregate more than equalled by the scheduled Reparations receipts from Germany. Finally, they point out that the United States, unlike the other Allies, secured no direct additions of territory or other wealth from the war, and declare—somewhat inconsistently—that it is therefore only fair to exact the repayment of every possible dollar of the debts.

These contentions, however, are open to telling attack at almost every point. Despite the resentment which the Treasury has manifested toward any criticism of our government's action, a considerable body of informed American opinion has courageously expressed its disagreement with a policy which it believes to be inequitable, short-sighted, and badly executed.

In the first place, it is hardly defensible to treat the great bulk of the debts as nothing other than simple commercial obligations. The *legal* origin and status of the debts are of course not in question. Legally, they are definite and unequivocal contracts voluntarily undertaken by the debtor governments. But their *moral* origin, their status in the eyes of true justice, is quite another matter. Over ninety per cent of them were created because, in the vital emergency of war, that was the quickest and easiest way to get the money raised. They were created to carry on a supreme military enterprise, in which we were ourselves one of the partners. At the time they were contracted there seems to have been little distinction, in the minds of Congress or of the people at large, between lending the money to the Allies and giving it outright. The essential thing was to get the money raised in the shortest possible time, and to get the supplies it could purchase shipped across the ocean to carry on our own undertaking, the defeat of the Central Powers. We went into the war voluntarily, on an issue of our own different from those which had drawn in the other Allies. But for over a year after our entry, we did not have a single large body of troops on the front. During that year it is literally true that our battles were being fought by the soldiers of other nations, at the price of their blood and lives instead of ours. We contributed merely money and supplies to the common cause, not men, for we were not ready to fight.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the European Allies have witnessed with bitter incomprehension our government's apparent disregard of all these undenied facts, and have met with bitter protest its efforts to enforce the repayment of those contributions, which were technically described as loans? We might with almost equal reasonableness demand that we be repaid for the lives of the American soldiers who were killed in battle.

Second, the so-called principle of capacity to pay is open to the gravest criticism. We can speak with at least limited assurance, perhaps, of a nation's capacity to pay in the present or the immediate future; but with respect to a period as long as sixty-two years in the future the idea has no intelligible significance. If we think back over the

Stephen Vincent Benét, Philip Barry and Marc Connelly at Cannes, France

extraordinary economic and political changes which the world has witnessed in the past half century, it becomes evident at once how dubious must be the attempt to predict capacity to pay over the coming half century, how necessarily inequitable its results. Further, the reductions in the various debts produced by the application of this so-called principle are so extraordinarily dissimilar, that the method itself cannot fail to be open to suspicion. Some difference in results was of course to be expected, but not one amounting to four hundred per cent as between the smallest and the largest reductions. Had the differences even been ostensibly based in any part on the different origins and uses of the loans, they would have been more comprehensible; but this was not the case. The debts were all treated, at least formally, precisely alike. It is difficult to refrain from the conclusion that unscientific bargaining, rather than any just and accurate procedure, lay behind the resulting settlements.

Third, it is true that the scheduled Reparations receipts from Germany will eventually be equal to the aggregate of the debt payments due our government, though that condition is by no means an actuality as yet. But it is entirely erroneous to infer from this that the debt payments will not place any burden on the finances of the debtor governments. It is far from clear that Reparations payments can be made and transferred in anything like the scheduled volume, and still less clear that they will be continued over as long a period as sixty-two years. Indeed, much expert opinion now regards either condition as entirely impossible of fulfilment. But even if Reparations were to be transferred in the stipulated amounts over the entire period, still the finances of the Allied governments would not be relieved of the burden of the debt payments. In largest part, the anticipated Reparations receipts have *already* been spent to repair the German devastation, to reconstruct the invaded regions. They are not a free fund which can be set off against the debt payments, leaving the debtors' finances undisturbed; nor were they intended to be such a fund under the original treaties and agreements with Germany. They have already been mortgaged to the full.

Finally, although the size of the debts is large in absolute figures, the annual payments on debt account will make extraordinarily little difference to the American taxpayer. Indeed, it is doubtful if the average citizen will know from his tax bill whether the payments are being received or not. For the next few years, they will amount to less than two dollars a head for every person in the country; and if applied solely to reducing the federal income tax, would bring a decrease of less than two dollars apiece for ninety per cent of the payers. They are barely two per cent of our total foreign trade, and less than one-third of one per cent of our national income. Sums which are so small in *relative* terms are not going to make a great difference to this country one way or the other. Indeed, since the debt payments will have to be received chiefly either in the form of decreased exports or of increased imports from abroad, or both, many American business men are beginning to think that they will do more harm than good to the nation as a whole.

* * *

Such are, in summary form, the principal facts bearing on the debt settlements, and such are the principal issues which have been raised. It has been intimated by the Treasury that the issue is now virtually closed, and that discussion or criticism of the government's action by private citizens is not welcome. It would be hard to justify that attitude under any conditions. In a situation where all the other countries concerned have protested formally or informally against our policy and action, and where such serious charges of international injustice have been brought against us, that attitude is utterly indefensible. If grave injustice is being done, if we are the source of that injustice, neither the American people nor the American government can long afford to remain indifferent. A reconsideration of the whole debt question will be forced upon us by our own consciences, by ourselves as citizens of the world.

When world events have developed a little farther, it will almost surely become necessary to pool the debt problems of the entire world, perhaps including Reparations, and to recast the present agreements along new lines. Speaking with all diffidence, I should like to see the following steps taken: First, arbitration to separate the commercial from the non-commercial portion of Europe's debts to us. Second, cancellation of the non-commercial or political debt to us, on condition that the other creditors in the Inter-Allied account take similar action with respect to the debts owed to them. Third, a reconsideration of the distribution and perhaps the totals of the Reparations charges on Germany, in the light of those shifts in the relative financial positions of the Allies which cancellation of the political debts would produce, and in the light of fuller tests of Germany's ability to make actual transfers. Such measures as these will relieve the world's trade and finance of their present severe burdens, and will promote international peace and friendship. The time is not yet ripe for action, and perhaps will not be for another two or three years, but there is good ground for believing that the counsels of fundamental justice will at last prevail.

The Pulitzer awards this year are generally felt to be weak in all departments. The recipients and their books were worthy, but the consensus of critical opinion seems to be that there were better books available for a crown in all the fields where recognition was given. The prizes in journalism met with more approval. It is interesting to note that the "First Tentative List of Notable American books for the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation of the League of Nations," drawn up by the American Library Association, contained no one of the Pulitzer prize publications. No fiction is included in this list.

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Adorer of Women

THE PRODIGIOUS LOVER. By Louis Barthou. New York: Duffield & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Randall Thompson.

OF a host of women whom Richard Wagner adored, three were destined to rule his life. The first he wed but could not love; the second he loved but could not wed; the third he loved and wed, though before their already fruitful alliance could be solemnized it was necessary for the woman to divorce his most devoted friend.

Such, briefly, is the trilogy that dominates the ex-French Premier's erotical biography of that tormented soul, the supreme embodiment of the romantic ideal. It may be that he offers little that is new, and much that febrile Wagnerites would sooner overlook. Perhaps some will see in it only a *chronique scandaleuse* presented with an air of innocent detachment by one who would please the prurient with intimate details and "without sneering teach the rest to sneer." True, with characteristic Gallic candor M. Barthou makes a free revelation of the extremes to which Wagner was led by his worship of women and by his utter dependence on their love and adulation. In any portrait of the man these must be salient features. So to the author it is significant that Wagner should have wed the vacuous and incompetent Minna Planer; that, having taken this unfortunate step, he could swear undying faithfulness to Mathilde Wesendonck, and then forget her, too, for all she lives forever as Isolde. It is significant again that he luxuriated in various interludes with seductive wenches and potential heroines of his "domestic idylls;" and that all these were cancelled at the end by his supremely happy union with Liszt's natural daughter, wife of Hans von Bülow.

Just how the last twenty years of Wagner's life came to be crowned with Cosima's undivided love is a story that would make a Restoration dramatist blush for the poverty of his own invention. M. Barthou cannot repress his Latin consternation at Bülow's protracted blindness to Cosima's infidelity. Nor can he forgive wholeheartedly Wagner's injustice to his friend and to the abandoned Minna, clinging still to life. Unwilling to pass over all Wagner's faults, his contumacy and opportunism, he "paints him with his warts" on the praiseworthy assumption that no amount of hero-worship for the artist should obfuscate his true character. Thus he does not say, "Wagner was a genius: forgive him his trespasses"; nor yet, "What music! Who knows how great it might have been if Wagner had lived less excessively!" but rather that his music is the direct outcome of his character and behavior. So even though he cannot fail to see the grotesqueness of the positions of Minna, Otto Wesendonck, and the exploited Bülow, he explains them with all fairness.

* * *

Hans von Bülow's marriage with Cosima Liszt was not, it appears, a love match. "He sacrificed himself to his friendship for his master, Liszt . . . The union was ill-assorted. The pair had nothing in common but their love for music and their admiration for Wagner." The fact is that Wagner was adored and worshipped in spite of his aggressive recusancy and undaunted egoism. Indeed, he seemed to induce worship by these very qualities, of which his marriage to Cosima on the death of Minna was only a characteristic manifestation. M. Barthou marvels at the simple-heartedness of Bülow, who not only tolerated his wife's enthusiasm for Wagner, but actually rejoiced in it, until the significance of her regard made itself clear at last, and left him standing like a duck in thunder. He is given due credit for his generous renunciation, and for the continued loyalty to the composer, which he displayed in raising funds for him, and in conducting performances of his music-dramas. Bülow perforce reminds one of that little Jacqueline in Père Lachaise, dead at the age of three, whose gravestone reads: "Her life was a series of acts of self-abnegation and sacrifice."

The translation by Henry Irving Brock is fluent, sympathetic, and commendable, save for the frequent and unnecessary introduction of loose colloquialisms, such careless, almost flippant, phrases as: "The marriage very nearly missed coming off at all;" "Minna turned up;" "get a line on;" or, "Cosima seemed *all in*"! And it may be that even in these strange lapses M. Brock is following the style of his original.

"Ariel" was Shelley without his poetry; "The Prodigious Lover" is Wagner without his music. Maurois has built a stirring drama out of Shelley's life and death; Barthou has done less than this with Wagner's. But his work will interest Wagner-lovers who wish to follow the baffling and tortuous existence of their idol, not in some erudite, *sitzfleischlich* treatise, but in a volume which is keen, wieldy, and perspicuous.

A Superior Person

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE GISSING. Collected and Arranged by Algernon and Ellen Gissing. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by William McFee

THE publication of George Gissing's correspondence with his family is an interesting contribution to the pathology of letters. It forms in itself a kind of outline of misery, and may be read with profit by every young man and woman in America actively engaged in the business of writing. It reveals, with the most horrifying clarity, how not to become a novelist.

Gissing, from the very beginning until the end of his life, was a superior person. It does not disprove this to point out that first-rate men like H. G. Wells, Edward Clodd, W. H. Hudson, and Frederick Harrison not only liked him but sought his society. A superior person, in a congenial atmosphere, is often a delightful companion. And being a superior person does not disqualify a man for the business of novel-writing. But it in no way assists him to become a superior novelist. And here, compressed in a sentence, like a corpse in a sarcophagus, is Gissing's true tragedy. He was a superior person and an inferior novelist.

It is not easy to compress into a sentence, however, the definition of a superior person. One can only point to these letters and say "Nobody save a superior person could have written them." They evoke in the mind of a working writer a feeling of dread and dreariness, a belief in universal failure. It is necessary to come out into the real world again, to read the papers, to look into the lives of other novelists, before that uneasy and depressing melancholia can be shaken off. It would shock Gissing, of course, if he could hear the phrase,—and it is tragic to think that the vulgarity of a phrase would prevent him from savoring its vigor and vitality—but the man was a crepe-hanger. He did in very truth hang sad festoons of mournful verbiage about the world. He was beaten before he started. He hung round the doors of the temple of fame shrinking and cringing lest some one should kick him. He cultivated to the very limits of endurance that whining contempt for the very people he expected to read his books. He had so poor an opinion of the business of writing that he unconsciously degraded it. He was under the impression that genius was an infinite capacity for enduring pains. Without ever meaning it, he could not help looking down upon those who were unfamiliar with the classics. His mind never really felt at home with people or a literature which was not saturated with classical thought. And yet, miracle of miracles, he wrote better of Dickens, he had truer emotions of Dickens, than any other novelist of his day. Stranger still is the fact that Gissing, the most humorless man who ever wrote fiction, had a shrewd appreciation of the Dickens humor. And it is with something like awe that we read in the Letters the following:

> Read Conrad's new book. (Either "Youth" or "Typhoon" both came out in 1902). He is the strongest writer in every sense of the word, at present publishing in English. Marvelous writing! The other men are mere scribblers in comparison. That a foreigner should write like this, is one of the miracles of literature.

Exactly a year later Gissing was dead. The terrible strain was over. He had achieved what he set out to achieve, a recognized position as an English novelist. What remains for us in these days? Frank Swinnerton, in a most careful and sympathetic critical study of Gissing's works, is not very optimistic. Making every allowance for changes in popular taste, there is little chance of Gissing continuing to live save by the historical value of his "New Grub Street," the quiet excellence of "By the Ionian Sea," and the general appeal to cultured folk of "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." One is compelled to respect Mr. Swinnerton, who has read and reread all the novels which Gissing ground out between 1880 and 1903. It must, occasionally, have been something more of a duty than a delight.

To the reader familiar with the Gissing legend these letters are a revelation and a corrective. We know that he came to America in 1876 because of what Mr. Swinnerton describes as "the extraordinary ill-judgment he showed in his sexual life." He became involved in a sorry mess and had not the strength of character or the experience of life to get clear. His friends, without malice of course, "sent him to America."

Why he did not succeed in America may be set down to what H. G. Wells calls "sheer inability to manage." He was, says Mr. Wells again, "homesick for Italy." Which was entirely reasonable and proper. Every young author ought to be homesick for Italy. But what was the Italy Gissing hungered after? We find it in "Veranilda," in "By the Ionian Sea," in these Letters. It was the Italy of Catullus, of Virgil, of Ovid, and Cicero. It was a classical Italy. For the Italy before his eyes, Gissing had literally no use whatever. He was a novelist; but how could he make us feel and make us see when he could neither feel nor see save through the words which other men had written in a dead language two thousand years before?

And here one may allude to something which Mr. Swinnerton tactfully avoids mentioning. Gissing lacked, from beginning to end, the knack of using words and phrases as if they were a spoken language. He was "a literary man," the most unfortunate kind of man in the world. He could spout the classics, he could industriously describe his characters and industriously narrate what they did and thought and said. He could do everything with them except blow the breath of life into them. The moment Gissing ceases to hold them up and work their arms and eyes, they fall back flat and dead. They were never alive.

England, in the eighties and nineties, was full of men who had this "literary gift." Allusion was as the breath of their nostrils. A literary joke, even though it was atrocious, was better to them than a non-literary joke. The classics were regarded with abasement. Certain authors of more recent date were accepted as final models of their kind. The English language had for them become fixed. Any modification of it heard in the street was vulgar, in a contemptuous sense. In other words, English literature, between writers of the Gissing type and the conservative ideals of the circulating libraries, was strangling to death. Into this polite mortuary burst men like Kipling, Conrad, Stevenson, Hudson, and Wells. It was Henley to whom we owe the revolution in periodical literature. Gissing, once he had achieved a modest celebrity, was asked for stories and articles. He records a letter from "Shorter, asking for a 'bright little love story' for the *Illustrated London News*. Told him I couldn't do it." But the short stories he did write have little life in them. They are the work, not of a born writer, but of a literary man flogging his brain to produce mediocre fiction. He could not put himself in the reader's place.

These may seem hard words. Let the public read these letters, and if it can, the novels, and decide. "New Grub Street" will of course remain as a remarkable presentation of a terrible period, as Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" pillories the English private school scandal. But "New Grub Street" is a tract, as many of Gissing's novels were. "Ryecroft" has a chance to survive as has been suggested.

We are indebted to Algernon and Ellen Gissing, brother and sister of the novelist, for this carefully-edited volume. Too carefully, perhaps. There hangs about it a faint aroma of Victorianism, which may be dispelled by reading Morley Roberts' "Private Life of Henry Maitland." And it is no more than just to point out to an American public that Algernon Gissing himself has published about fifteen novels.

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Holy, Holy—Wholly!

TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE. By CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. $5.

A METHODIST SAINT: The Life of Bishop Asbury. By HERBERT ASBURY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

IF Miss Constance Mayfield Rourke had been content to write the memoirs of the Beecher family—searchingly and satirically, but with a knowing sense of humor and with a wealth of entertainment for the unregenerate—her "Trumpets of Jubilee" would have sounded more in tune, and a well-nigh perfect book would have resulted. Instead, she has tacked on two quite unrelated chapters dealing with P. T. Barnum and Horace Greeley; so that what might have been a social satire, complete in two generations and three perfectly balanced parts, has become a rather longish book of unrelated essays. Her first three chapters—which deal irreverently with the Reverend Lyman Beecher and his extraordinary offspring, Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe,—are admirable examples of what is conventionally called the "new" biography, penetrating studies of their subjects, as individuals, with due heed to environment and more attention to the touches that reveal character than to the incidental mathematics of a career. It is easy to see the father emerging in his children's lives, and easy also to see why that expansive pair, brought up amid the rigors of a provincial parsonage, were ready to expand luxuriantly into a very Victorian estheticism when their environment changed and prosperity arrived. The neat but measured satire with which Miss Rourke rounds off the death of Henry Ward Beecher provides an ideal place to stop. If only Miss Rourke had taken advantage of it, and saved her two remaining chapters for another book!

* * *

The lives of the Beechers are a handy thread to follow through the complex simplicities of American society in the early nineteenth century. Lyman Beecher first appears as a dreamy New England farmer-boy, possessing "the attribute spoken of with peculiar emphasis in that community as 'mind.'" No wonder the irascible uncle who reared him gave up the obviously useless attempt to make a farmer of him and sent the youthful prodigy to Yale College, "a cluster of three or four plain buildings" which—it was just after the Revolution—"owned a small collection of books, a telescope, a great rusty orrery, and a quaint medley of relics assembled in the name of literature and science." A very different Yale it must have been—greatly disturbed by the presence of a dancing master, yet bold enough to grant a degree to that doubtful character, Thomas Jefferson, "the favored playfellow of the devil in the fancy of New England." Thence went young Lyman, "in a whirlwind of exultation," which was partly religious enthusiasm and partly a certain pretty Roxana Foote, who had vowed never to marry unless she found a Sir Charles Grandison—and who then accepted Lyman!

Their first pastorate was East Hampton, a bit of godly Connecticut on Long Island, which looked askance even at the very mild worldliness of carpets! From East Hampton the Reverend Lyman not unnaturally escaped—to Litchfield, where Harriet and Henry were born, where he preached mightily, where he furthered the laudable work of the Moral Society, but where it is only too true that he also allowed himself the solace of a fiddle and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Then the beloved Roxana's death, a new wife, a great church in Boston, revivals, and at last the presidency of a struggling little theological seminary in Cincinnati, the second wife's death, a third marriage, the marriage of his daughter Harriet to Professor Stowe, frantic quests for students, theological squabbles—events came thick and fast in those early American days!

Just before his death, Beecher declared that he beheld "glory while in the flesh." But when his daughter claimed a share in his vision of the eternal battlements, "in loud, full tones, with a touch of his old astronogency, he replied that no doubt she was a pious woman, but in this case she was certainly mistaken; the vision had been vouchsafed to himself alone."

The children of such a father were naturally unique. The wonder is that only two were famous. Harriet, who half an hour before she married Professor Calvin Stowe wrote, "I feel nothing at all," lived to eclipse the achievements of that odd old scholar, to set North America by the ears with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to be greeted by Lincoln as "the little woman who made this great war," and to scandalize England and America with her unduly famous article on Byron. A full life this redoubtable lady led and, royalties considered, a profitable one.

Equally full, if anything stormier, and quite as picturesque was the career of her brother Henry. It is odd to find the famous orator of Plymouth Church, in his younger days, a handsome and agreeable loafer, who fastens two tubs together, rescues a cat from a flooded ravine, and then spends a pleasant morning floating lazily in the sunshine. It is equally amusing to find him bursting out with a shrill and impartial condemnation of silver toothpicks, dancing, Geoffrey Chaucer, carriages, and the theatre. After that there is a kind of poetic justice in the scandals which accompanied the Tilton suit, years later—toward which Miss Rourke adopts a non-committal attitude.

A biography in much the same satiric spirit as Miss Rourke's is Herbert Asbury's "A Methodist Saint." Death has fresh terrors for those who must expect postmortem treatment by the "new" biographers, and the blow is doubly bitter when dealt by the hand of a kinsman. Mr. Asbury has written a carefully documented life of that sturdy old Bishop Asbury from whom American Methodism is descended and who flourished not many years before Lyman Beecher began to slip blithely in and out of the Presbyterian fold. It is not too much to say that the contemporary Mr. Asbury does not take his distinguished relative quite so seriously as that devoted old gentleman might have anticipated. This lamentable fact, however, can no longer disturb the good Bishop, his partisans and successors will not read this account of his life anyway—for it is not meant to be, in their sense, edifying—and so "A Methodist Saint" is reserved for the not inconsiderable satisfaction of those who enjoy good writing and who find diversion in the byways of their country's history. And as this particular byway broadens into a highway on which a huge procession marches, one can hardly afford to neglect it.

Migratory Folk

WILD ORCHARD. By DAN TOTHEROH. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE juxtaposition of exotic setting and realistic presentation gives this tale an unusual and singularly appealing flavor. The author has apparently followed the advice more often proffered than accepted, and has written of people and scenes that are familiar to him. These people and scenes are in themselves highly colorful and Mr. Totheroh is not unaffected by the romance implicit in them. He writes of them with feeling and imaginative insight. But he also realizes their earthiness, and accordingly approaches his task in the spirit of a cultivator armed with a spade as well as in that of a landscape architect equipped with a blue print.

The tale concerns those people of mixed antecedents—Italians, Poles, Mexicans, Greeks—who in winter herd together in the foreign quarters of the larger cities of California and in summer migrate gypsy-like from orchard to orchard, gathering the various fruits, each in its place and season. Among them the heroine grows to maturity, an attractive little animal with normal instincts, scant education, and few moral inhibitions. The author does not sentimentalize her situation and is far from implying that the natural life of the orchards produces the noble pagans dear to Rousseau and Chateaubriand. His heroine is as she is, a carefree, commonplace, unprincipled girl. And therein lie both the virtues and the shortcomings of the novel. The characters in it are uniformly real, but—until near the end—uniformly unimportant. The uncompromising portrait of Trina Marchio, for all its admirable sincerity and fidelity to fact, reveals her as too light a creature, too characterless and insignificant, for the long and detailed rôle she must play. Our interest in her often slips away and there is too little else in the book to call it back.

Nevertheless the latter part of "Wild Orchard" merits high praise: a situation of tragic implications—the mésalliance of a young idealist and the girl who has tricked him into marrying her—is presented with honesty and restraint. The commendably consistent characterization and the emotional suggestiveness of the background combine to make the final scenes very effective, and in them the protagonists become important as well as real.

A Portrait of a Woman

ALMA. By MARGARET FULLER. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1927.

Reviewed by ZONA GALE

MARGARET FULLER, grand-niece of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, was for a time secretary to Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose birth place like hers, was Norwich Town. On a summer which she spent in Europe, I was privileged to hold her position, and I have kept the net of bright event and anecdote of her with which that summer was filled. Already then, though young, she was a personage. I recall the charm and vigor of her travel letters, with a sentence which she judged inadequate calmly cut from her page. "Margaret Fuller will do distinguished literary work," Mr. Stedman used to say. And on the appearance in the *Century* of a page of poems by her done with artistry and power, and of other work of hers, he was confirmed.

He is again confirmed in the appearance of her novel, "Alma," which is one of the really fine modern studies of a woman. But it is like no other study. Nothing since "Marie Claire" or "Marie Chapdelaine" has this simplicity and power, and yet it is in no way like either novel.

The book holds something of that balance between realism and vision which composes the differences of two schools, and declares for both. The character is sentimentalized, but no more so than the Song of Solomon. Someway, either by the grace of the foreign speech, or by the simplicity of the creature, one accepts what she says as the representational. Why not the representational in speech as well as in stage-sets and figures? But yet a good deal of this might be edited away to advantage.

It is the story of a Danish woman of forty who wants to be married. She comes to "the free country, for the home." Through every absurdity of her quest, as her associates view her, she moves as Alma Jorgensen, the servant, the waitress, bodied forth with the definite lines of life; but overshadowing her like a bright cloud goes that epic Seeker, the immemorial woman. Amazingly, through the simplest incidents, and without a syllable of comment, Margaret Fuller shows Alma as Alma indeed, dumb, bewildered, rejected, laughed at; but also as the claimant, the Woman, voicing the ages of affirmation uncloaked of a custom of which she seems unconscious.

So Niels, the fellow traveler who scorns her, the tramp, the brother-in-law for whom she makes her odyssey to Denmark only to be despised, the childhood sweetheart to seek whom she journeys to the Pacific coast, and finds him now a gentleman and walled away from her—all these as hopes she resigns without bitterness, not because she is good, but because she is what they call simple. A fool. This Alma, the fool, is drawn with the truth which is cruelty. But above and beyond, and drawn by no word at all, moves Alma, the inner figure, herself released by the love that she longs to lavish on "the home, the husband." Inevitably it is this inner figure who begins to speak, and to be Alma herself. When she becomes caretaker of a country house and seizes on her old soldier to accompany her there, she talks like the song of Solomon:

> You go with Alma! You shall sit in the easy chair, on the green grass, under the green trees. In the winter you shall sit by the fire of wood that has the pleasant smell and is like the summer for its softness. . . . God has given Alma the house of many rooms. . . . It is my happiness that no more shall you stand in the street. . . .

But even if this is read with impatience, without imagination—as Katherine Mansfield's Young Girl took all of life—still for one who misses its flavor, there is the body of the book, carved with elision, which runs like this:

> Miss Eunice lived till the end of summer and was buried . . . in the old burying ground . . . amid . . . burnished grass. . .
>
> The family attorney read the will to Alma.
>
> "My good woman, do you understand? . . . . . All the property is yours—yours without restriction, and an income is yours. . . .'
>
> "I will take," she said.
>
> "Do you realize that you will never have to work again?"
>
> "Ja," she answered.

Her emergence from her monosyllables to her occasional later lyricism, parallels her emergence from the seeker of forty, to the human being of

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forty-three or more, who handles the episode of the young master with the dignity which her preoccupation had denied her. Implicit in the substance of the book is both the absurdity and the beauty of this preoccupation in general.

The book has virtually no waste matter. It is compact and well-worked over. With Alma's lyricism shaded down a bit, "Alma" would stand still more securely where it does stand, as a clear cut example of excellent writing, and a triumphant and memorable picture of a woman.

On the Dakota Frontier

GIANTS IN THE EARTH. By O. E. RÖLVAAG. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

SOMETIMES there seems a danger that the materials of Western pioneer fiction will become conventionalized. The adventures of the first generation on the great plains between the Wabash and the Sweetwater are being written of by the second and third generations; and certain ingredients of these narratives are taking on the form of staples. The westward rush of emigration, the epic character which Herbert Quick emphasized in "Vandermark's Folly"; the loneliness and aridity of life in the first rude dwellings, as pictured by Margaret Wilson in "The Able McLaughlins;" the combat with drought, locusts, and poverty, so prominent in the early chapters of Willa Cather's "O Pioneers!"; the unappeasable restlessness of the born pioneer farmer, and the dumb suffering of the wives they drag from the comforts of settled society, as shown in Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border"—all these are employed again and again. We pick up a new pioneer novel and we know we shall meet the covered wagon, the log cabin or sod hut, the cloud of locusts, the blizzard, the sunstroke, and the mortgage.

Yet all this concerns only a few externals. There is no danger of exhausting the subject; the frontier was actually as varied as the people who settled it, as varied as the physiography, the climate, the soil, and the wild life of its innumerable localities. Little by little the strangely different aspects which the great Western panorama presented are being recreated by our best historians, the novelists of imaginative power like those just named. Miss Wilson's Scotch settlers of Iowa, Miss Cather's Americans, Bohemians, and Germans of Nebraska, Hamlin Garland's Yankees transplanted into Wisconsin and Minnesota, are all typical and yet all sharply individual. They experience the typical adventures, hardships, and rewards of the frontier; they have certain fundamental characteristics in common; and yet their personal responses to their environment, and the kinds of community life they build, are so distinct that it requires an infinitley variegated picture to show us the real frontier. The field is still broad and fresh. It has many aspects which can be set before us with the truest kind of originality.

* * *

In this novel we have a study of the Norwegian pioneer in the Dakota country, written by a Norse immigrant—a farmer, student, and college teacher—in the Norse tongue, for the Norwegian public. It is a high compliment to say of a book that it had to be written, that it burst from an author by its own vitality; and this is true of Professor Rölvaag's novel. He learned some years ago that Johan Bojer was about to write an epic romance upon the Norwegian-American emigration; he was tremendously excited; he felt convinced that only a man who had experienced that emigration, who was acquainted at first hand with the heart and hand of the transplanted settler, could perform the task. He has proved his contention. No one who had not dwelt in a lonely immigrant community, shared its anxieties, sorrows, and rewards, and studied its human elements, could have written so convincing and searching a book.

It is half an adventure story, a realistic description of the physical facts of the homesteader's life fifty miles from anywhere on the Dakota plains, and half a penetrating study of pioneer psychology; and it is hard to say which is better done. At the outset the novel has an interest akin to that of "Robinson Crusoe." The little Norse community of five families, planting themselves in 1873 on a creek far from timber or neighbors, without money, with hardly any tools, with no food but porridge and milk, with only a chair, a table, and a stove apiece, are as isolated as on a desert island. They have to conquer everything from raw nature. They must build their houses out of sods, get their meat from the sky and prairie, raise something to barter for raiment and utensils. They do it; particularly does Per Hansa, who is Professor Rölvaag's hero, show a resourcefulness, an ingenuity, and an abounding energy which creates wonders out of soil and air.

In one sense this life of a pioneer community might be called monotonous. There are no great events. The days of Indian perils, for example, are past; their little brush with land-jumpers is quickly over. But in another sense their life is a succession of hair-raising adventures. Raising a patch of potatoes is a momentous happening. A snowstorm on the new-sown wheat is a catastrophe. To sell $2 work of produce to some "movers" is a tremendous financial coup. It is amazing what elations, depressions, forebodings, and hopes the author makes us draw, along with Per Hansa and Beret, his wife and their trusty neighbors, out of commonplace occurrences. The straying away of the cows; the snaring of wild ducks for winter food; contact with a wounded Indian whose hand Per Hansa dresses; the plastering of a sod hut; barter for furs; the first reaping of wheat—this is the stuff of which much of the book is made, and the interest and suspense never falter.

* * *

But the chief dramatic quality of the book is drawn from the contrast between Per Hansa and Beret, the man who finds life and jubilance in pioneering, and the woman whom the awful barren waste of the prairies fills with fear and drives to madness. All of the few characters of the book are sharply realized—big, good-natured, thick-headed Hans Olsa, glib-tongued, flighty-brained Tönseten, the Solum boys; but these two, strangely assorted as man and wife and yet passionately devoted to each other, are the principal personages of the saga. Per Hansa is fit to cope with anything. Back in Norway he had been one of the leaders of the fishing fleet. Here in America he could not be held back till, going farther and farther west, he had at last attained perfect independence with 160 acres of his own. Nothing daunts his jesting, dreaming spirit. He is filled with a moral exultation by the task of conquering a home from the frosty earth. He builds his sod hut larger than any other man's; he adventures forth to make money by fur-trading; he is the first to lay his land in furrows and sow it with grain—grain whose growth is a miracle to him. He has the joy of fulfilling his destiny.

But to Beret pioneer life meant something far different. The empty prairie weighed remorselessly upon her; it crushed her mind and soul. The solitude and the vast spaces filled her with religious nightmares. Perhaps she would have coped more courageously with the life had she not been heavy with child when they first stopped their covered wagon on the chosen site. She believed that she would never emerge from the ordeal of childbirth alive, and the agony of her confinement helped to warp her mind. Strange manias grew upon her. At first she merely thought with inextinguishable regret of the home they had left in Norway. Then she longed for the quiet of the grave, and wished to make their big ancestral chest her coffin. A conviction that she had committed terrible sins, and that her very life with Per Hansa was in some way a defiance of God, overcame her. It seemed to her that her third child, who had never been christened, was a lost soul. Per Hansa had to watch her lest she do violence not merely to herself but the baby.

Thus the years pass. The community grows by the influx of new settlers; a railroad passes near; the people are not quite so poor or so lonely. They suffer repeated visitations of the locusts, but even these wear off. A minister makes a sojourn with them and holds services. But Beret gets no better. In the fall of 1877 she seems improved, but this is illusory; and then comes the final catastrophe. Such a winter of snow and storm sets in as has seldom been recorded in the Northwest. Day after day the white shower comes down, till it is all the settlers can do to dig up to light and air from their cabins. In the midst of this continuous storm good Hans Olsa, trying to save some cattle, exposes himself too long and is brought to his death-bed with pneumonia. Beret, her religious mania reasserting itself, and and worried lest Hans die without the services of a minister to help him escape hell-fire, sends Per Hansa into the pitiless blizzard to find help—and he never returns. He is too gallant of soul, too sure of his powers, too high-spirited to turn back while it is yet time.

The book has many fine qualities. It has humor, sometimes almost Rabelaisian; it has tragedy, romance, poetry, and the raciness of the soil. It might have more style had it not originally been written in a foreign tongue, and translated by the author himself (so at least we gather) into an English that is occasionally rough and even unidiomatic. From Ole Edvart Rölvaag we are justified in looking for more books of significance in interpreting the pioneer Northwest. He belongs to two literatures. Born in Norway, almost under the Arctic Circle, he was educated there till he was fourteen. Later, rejecting an opportunity to take command of a fishing ship, he came to the United States to join an uncle in South Dakota. After a time he was able to work his way through St. Olaf College, and since 1906 he has taught in that institution. Other books have come from his pen, and have been published in Minneapolis or in his native land, always in Norwegian. His is a remarkable career, and he has added one of its most distinguished chapters to the great epic of the West which various writers are producing.

The Hamsun Follies of 1892

MYSTERIES. By KNUT HAMSUN. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

ONE day up at Cambridge, Longfellow, having finished his lectures on "Faust," turned to his class and said: "And now, gentlemen, I have a poem of my own that I wish to read to you." He read that versified bit of inspirational utilitarianism known as "The Psalm of Life." In it he tells us that life is real, earnest; that we must be up and doing, ready for any fate, and learning to labor and to wait. It is an admirable résumé of Goethe, who came to the conclusion, shortly after the death of Schiller, that service and usefulness are the two chief goals of life, the two pillars on which all hope of immortality rests. It is the Chamber of Commerce view of human existence.

A quarter of a century ago, Arthur Schnitzler wrote a drama on Paracelsus in which he has the hero of that name say something like the following: We are playing all and always. Some men play with suns and others play with stars, some with men and others with the souls of men. We know very little about ourselves, and nothing at all about each other. We are playing, and wise is the man who knows it. It is the Greek-letter fraternity attitude toward life, and it has been the Knut Hamsun view of life now for forty years.

This particular book, written thirty-five years ago under the Dano-Norwegian title of "Mysteries," might well be called "The Hamsun Follies of 1892." In itself it is as interesting as it is suggestive; and it is both in a superlative degree. But Hamsun has said all of this about thirty times; for he has written thirty works. He is the Norwegian Schnitzler with much more depth than his Viennese colleague, infinitely less finesse, and with virtually none of the Austrian's versatile variety. What has Hamsun said here?

It is a fact of really monumental significance that the two most popular slang expressions in the English language, American branch, at present are, "What's it all about?" and "Banana oil!" Both the question and the exclamation have corollaries such as "What's the big idea?" and "Applesauce!" These vulgarisms embody the whole philosophy of Hamsun's hero in "Mysteries." John Nilsen Nagel, who comes to a small Norwegian town one day for no expressed reason, puts up at a comfortable inn, starts up a right vigorous flirtation with Dagny, whose antecedent admirer was a now absentee lieutenant in the navy, whose father was a good man, and who in herself is a good and lovely girl. But somehow or other, the twain could never meet: they could never love each other at precisely the same time. An explanation of the failure to come to an agreement is only hinted at. Suffice it to say, Martha Gude, Dagny Kjelland's girl friend, came very nearly giving Nagel what he longed for a number of times and thus making two souls, it would seem, unhappy. But she did not. And after 338 pages of communing with human nature through

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the channels of random conversation Nagel leaps into the sea and "some bubbles came up." That is the "plot" in full detail.

Two-thirds of the way through the book Dagny becomes positively vexed. She wants Nagel to speak out. He does, but only to assert that all is humbug. He did not wholly believe this; nor does Hamsun believe it. But Hamsun began in 1887 to pry into the meaning of life; and though he has hurled the slangish exclamation at civilization and progress on many occasions, he has never been able to answer the question, "What is it all about?" In view of what Hamsun has written in quite recent years—he will soon be seventy—it is reassuring to believe this much: Hamsun feels that while it may be thrilling and ennobling to search for the Holy Grail it benumbs and debases to fancy that you have got it and to determine to keep it—for yourself.

The work abounds in ingenious humor, delicious irony, and subtle bits of the wisdom that enriches living. Mr. Chater's translation is distinguished, except for a few Norwegianisms which, it seems now, he is destined never to be able to overcome: "He made as though to jump overboard." The original sticks out through that like a stoker's head through a water-line port-hole on arrival in a strange harbor. Why not, "He acted as though he were going to jump overboard"?

Beyond the Cities

RUNAWAY DAYS. By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT RAVENEL SASS
Author of "Adventures in Green Places"

SAMUEL SCOVILLE believes that in places green and wild, beyond the boundaries of cities and the smell of factory smoke, there is a magic which will keep a man from growing old. There must be virtue in this theory, for Mr. Scoville grows younger with every book that he writes. Here in "Runaway Days" are the most exuberant chapters that he has yet given us.

These chapters are not animal stories, as in "Man and Beast," the thrilling book of wilderness drama which he brought out last fall. There are fewer thrills in "Runaway Days" for the lover of headlong action, of bloody combats, and hair-breadth escapes. Here we shall find recorded the everyday adventures of an observer of wild nature as he roams over the countryside with eyes that see and ears that hear and a mind attuned to the varied moods of the mother of birds and trees and grass and mountains.

> As the sky brightened there stretched out before me a new world—silent, mystical, wondrous, such as the angels of God might have seen at the dawn of the seventh day, whose tender, shy beauty was overhung by a turquoise sky. For a moment the beautiful earth smiled up at the shining sky; then over the rim of the world appeared the flame-gold of the sun.

Others have written more elaborately of winter sunrises, but here with quick, sure strokes a vivid picture is given. Throughout the book these swift flashes of beauty recur; and, in all its chapters, the book is the work of a swift, active mind, of eyes quick to see and a brain delicately sensitive to impressions—as when, for instance, a bittern is encountered and the event is thus recorded:

> Crawling carefully to the crest of the ridge, we saw an American bittern standing in the open pasture by the edge of the marsh and watched him gurgle out his thudding, bubbling, watery notes. Then he stooped and stepped stealthily like a little old bent man into the rushes.

"Like a little old bent man"—a page of description could not make the reader see that bittern so sharply.

In "Runaway Days" the reader will go with Mr. Scoville in search of a duck hawk's nest high on a cliff of the Palisades; he will spend a day in a tree-top and see the birds that came there between dawn and dusk; he will find the rare nest of Philohela the woodcock and of the great pileated woodpecker and many other nests that few men or women know; he will visit the bald eagle at home and the grim raven, and he will learn much about the ways of foxes, squirrels and other fourfoots of the eastern woods. And always the story of these adventurings is told exuberantly, with a lively humor brightening the telling of each tale, and, underlying it all, a keen sense of the beauty that is about us out of doors.

A delightful book, this record of Mr. Scoville's runaway days, at once informing and entertaining—a happy, intimate, friendly book, which deserves and will surely win a place in what for want of a better name we must call American nature-literature.

The Bowling Green

Granules from an Hour-Glass

WHEN you see the great stride of the Camden Bridge, and look up at it from below, along the Philadelphia docks, you have already crossed it in your mind. That is the joy of bridges, crossing them before you come to them.

Bridges are well guarded: the Camden crossing has not only its uniformed toll officers, but also some mysterious Supervisor of the Yellows who keeps tab on taxies, to prevent Pennsylvania cabs from poaching on New Jersey; or perhaps vice versa.

Early in its difficult story society learned to guard bridges. All great crossings are watched and tariffed by prudential pontiffs, worldlywise or otherworldlywise. When men cross bridges they breathe a new air, have a sense of translation. Such men are dangerous. The state guards well its bridgeheads; for there are always a frantic few who, after crossing bridges, burn the pontiffs behind them.

* * *

In Harleigh Cemetery. When Walt took cover at last he did not rest on the earth, he burrowed into it. There is nothing Quakerish about that grave: it is pagan, palaeolithic. The massive cromlech tomb is dug into the hillside; it is piled together of huge unsmoothed granites. He was called a cave man, but he did not become so until he was dead. In an age of decorated urns and weeping marble angels he built this little stronghold in the forgiveness of earth—the earth of whom we ask so many questions; and who troubles us because she tells us so few lies.

Always tribal, he took his clan in with him. The niche you see plainest is, I think, his mother's. His own is almost behind the door. He left the door half open, and so it always stands. He can pass unquestioned out and in. I think he is more often out. So it is not really a tomb but a cenotaph. Perhaps every grave is. Every grave is an unknown soldier's.

Above that green hillside is some sort of stone-cutting workyard. "Here comes one among the well-beloved stonecutters," as he wrote once with perhaps a touch of that quaint Hicksite humor that it takes us so long to catch the slant of. Slabs of plain stone lie about under the trees. They are waiting for names.

* * *

Walt was called a loafer because he liked to watch others work. What they forgot was that his work was the kind that cannot be watched. No one except God ever watched a poet working.

His work has been called a shout, a yawp, an outcry, but inside all the ejaculatings, promulgings, effusings, was a core of quiet. If you cut open any of his greater poems, to study the concentric graining and pattern, you will not only find a delicately wise artist, you will find at the center a germ of silence.

That he was a great terrene creator, casual, fecund, and sporadic like earth herself, is admitted by most; that he was a precise artist in detail is more often questioned. Yet even his catalogues, much reproached, are often marvels of cinematic portraiture and studio technique. And catalogues (bibliophiles know) may be works of cunning art. His epithets, his flash pictures of trades and persons, are magnesium flares. Magnesium not only produces sudden dazzling lights ("used in signalling," says the dictionary: oh glorious!) but is also "an antacid and cathartic."

"Once I passed through a populous city," he wrote, "imprinting my brain for future use." There indeed escaped the perfect self-description of the artist.

* * *

Sometimes, in moments of anger, disappointment, folly, futility, there seems something a little too easy in that cosmic meliorism of his—"the flag of his disposition, of hopeful green stuff woven." One thinks with a certain sympathy of his brother George who all his life, after puzzling over Walt's verses, kept asking him rather slyly "Walt, what's the game?"

I think of Walt as I mow the lawn. (*Lawn* is too smooth a word.) I observe that the stiff and coarse grassblade gets cut down, while the soft and supple grass bends over and escapes. This lures me into cheerful analogies. Then I reflect that it's all the same in the end, for the gardener goes back over the ground and gets the soft one with the shears.

* * *

When they put up a monument on Roosevelt Field, to mark the spot where Lindbergh took off, I hope they'll inscribe on it that line of Walt's—

Starting from Paumanok I fly like a bird.

* * *

Not only in Mr. Marquis's "Almost Perfect State" does the Bean find itself paired with high cosmological speculation. Mr. Marquis will be entertained to learn, from Professor J. L. Lowes's gorgeous volume "The Road to Xanadu," that in Coleridge's notebooks "The vision of an Epic on the Origin of Evil rubs elbows with the admission of a hankering for beans." In Mr.. Marquis's fine rigmarole the Bean is the villain of the piece; with Coleridge, however, the Bean was viaticum and consolation.

So far I have only read the first chapter of "The Road to Xanadu," but I can say already that it is a work no one interested in the workings of poetic imagination will be content to miss. I don't think I shall ever forget the special thrill and shudder of excitement with which, on a night of spring lightning and freshet, I began Mr. Lowes's first chapter and realized what it was all about. That chapter alone, which introduces you to the Coleridge notebook, is charged with all the lightning and flicker of the mind's energy. It is one of the rare books that really tingle the spine; you tread on the actual vestiges of creation.

* * *

The annual list of grants made by the Guggenheim Foundation is always interesting, both in the choice of students, scientists and artists who are beneficiaries of these generous scholarships and in the subjects of research they pursue. But among this year's list there was one that gives me a special twinge of admiration—or some other kind of nostalgia—

> "Dr. Odell Shepard, Professor of English, Trinity College, Hartford, for the preparation of a book to be entitled 'Romantic Solitude'."

There is a book we shall await with eagerness.

* * *

"When I'm fond of a woman," he said, "I never can resist the temptation of telling her how beautiful she is."

(This man is doomed, I thought to myself; or else he has had singular good fortunes.)

"But surely," I said, "it can't always be untrue?"

"Toi, poisson lamentable!" he cried fiercely, mocking my simplicity. "If you tell them they're beautiful, by gemini they become so."

He insisted there was a whole rationale of aesthetic in this doctrine, and hankered to expound; but I left him and proceeded to lunch. My Plimsoll mark is painted rather low; one aphorism a day is capacity.

* * *

"Have you read 'Chekhov's Notebook'?"

"Rather! I think it's better than anything he ever published."

"But isn't everyone's? Haven't we all got in our notebooks things too beautiful, too humble, too comically true ever to trust them to print—"

"While we're alive, anyhow, and people can take us seriously."

* * *

Keep close to your green earth, she wrote. *There's strength in it.*

As soon as the letter was mailed she was furious. Liar, liar! she said to herself. There *isn't* strength in it, not for me. Nothing but torment. Is there strength in seeing a birch tree grow, a bird tutoring its young, a field of daisies going about its irrelevant business? There isn't strength anywhere except in poor absurd human beings, so comely and so comic. There's more strength in the shape of a hand than in all the cliffs of the Grand Canyon.

Then she went out and worked in the garden. From 4.59 to 5.17 (Eastern Standard Time) she was very happy; but I did not compel her to admit it.

* * *

"Here! What have you been having *my* thoughts for?"

"It's my business to have everybody's thoughts."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Franklin Likenesses

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN OIL AND BRONZE. By JOHN CLYDE OSWALD. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1926.

Reviewed by JOHN HILL MORGAN

FIFTY years ago Robert C. Winthrop said: "Surely, if a man's fame is to be measured by the number of his portraits at home and abroad, Franklin was by far the most famous American of his period, as, indeed, there can be no doubt he was. His likeness is to be found in oil and crayon, on canvas, on paper, on ivory, on porcelain, and on pottery; and not only on pitchers and teacups, like Washington's, but presented on the least dignified or delicate utensils of household crockery."

In one of the infrequent but brilliant criticisms of the late Beverly Chew, he speaks of his disappointment in laying down a book because the title had led him to expect much more than an examination of the work disclosed, and "Benjamin Franklin in Oil and Bronze" suggests at once a number of pleasant possibilities, especially along the lines of an analysis of the many unsolved problems which exist in regard thereto, but apparently Mr. Oswald, purposely, has limited his scope so as to avoid the many pitfalls which such a treatment would require. The result has been to bring together in one handy volume many well known oil portraits of "the Father of all the Yankees," as Carlyle calls him, but it presents nothing that is new, unless the reproduction of a number of modern statues may be considered to add to the public's knowledge on the subject.

It is with regret that one notes the old libels reprinted as to the Franklin portrait belonging to Harvard University, which is classed as "of doubtful authenticity" and the painter "unknown." Again the ancient arguments against this portrait are restated, all of which were so completely answered in the scholarly article on the subject by the late Lawrence Park.

The trouble arose, it seems, because someone about 1840 added a brass plate to the frame of the Harvard portrait bearing, among other things, the words "London, 1726." It is obvious to any one who will analyze facts that in 1726, Franklin, twenty years old and a poor journeyman printer in London, living in an Italian warehouse on Duke Street "up three pair of stairs backwards" (for which he paid three shilling and six pence a week and shared his supper of an anchovy and a mug of ale with his landlady) was in no position even to buy the fine clothes in which he is depicted and much less to have his portrait painted. So the uncritical, who always prefer to believe a brass plate rather than use their eyes, reject the portrait.

Mr. Park pointed out that the face shown in the portrait was that of a man of forty and not of twenty, and that the costume required a date of about 1746 and not 1726. A study of the painting itself proved it to be by the Colonial painter, Robert Feke, born in Oyster Bay and buried no man knows where. Both this painter and Franklin were in Philadelphia in 1746 and Franklin, about to retire from the printing business, was well off. John Franklin, a prosperous tallow chandler of Boston, bequeathed this portrait in 1756 to his "well beloved wife" as "my Brother Benjamin Franklin's Picture," so we may take it that it was probably painted on order of John Franklin and it surely overshadows all except one or two in importance. It antedates by ten years the Pratt portrait which is listed in the present book as the earliest, following no doubt Hart's list of 1897. Since then, however, much water has gone over the dam.

Mr. Oswald's volume, in bringing together a number of reproductions of portraits attributed to Duplessis and others is of distinct value, as it would seem to dispose of the claim of one or two and shows the close resemblance between the Duplessis canvas and that of Joseph Wright. The question might well be asked why Greuze's pastel is not included. This portrait has an authentic history, being referred to as early as June 30, 1777, in Vol. 10 of the "Mémoires Secrets," was later sold in the Demidoff Sale, and is or was owned in Boston by Mrs. Thomas L. Winthrop. If the original is available, why reproduce a copy?

It speaks much in favor of Mr. Oswald's judgment that he refers to a "recently discovered" portrait only as "attributed to Henry Benbridge." While it resembles Franklin somewhat, how could this be the lost Benbridge "Portrait of a Gentleman" exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1770 and noted by Horace Walpole as "Dr. Franklin of Philadelphia"? In the catalogue of that exhibition this portrait was described as a half length (about 50x40 inches) and could not, therefore, be the bust portrait shown in Mr. Oswald's book.

On what authority it is stated that the "Franklin Drawing Electricity from the Sky" is "generally accepted" as having been painted by Benjamin West, is not divulged.

There is an interesting collection in the later pages of ornamental snuffboxes, busts, statuettes, plates, and miniatures from the Huntington collection in the Metropolitan Museum. The reproductions of the modern statues add little to our knowledge as they must all be based on the life portrait of some one other than the sculptor or are pure fancy as the first was erected in 1853. While the Houdon bust is included, the bust by Caffieri is not, and we know that Franklin himself preferred Caffieri to Houdon—strange as that may seem—that is, if one can judge from the fact that Franklin ordered four replicas from Caffieri and none from Houdon, so far as the records show.

After Lubbock

SOME GREAT ENGLISH NOVELS: STUDIES IN THE ART OF FICTION. By ORLO WILLIAMS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

MR. ORLO WILLIAMS conceived as "Old Enchantments" the book he now publishes under the title of "Some Great English Novels." Its purpose was to be a collection of reviews, on rereading, of books that had transported him on a first reading years ago. It was not to be, like the "Corrected Impressions" of Mr. Saintsbury, a reestimate in middle years of authors criticized first in youth, but a return to this book of Defoe and to that book of Samuel Butler that the one and other might exert again its "familiar magic."

Mr. Williams reread "Roxana," "Tom Jones," "Emma," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Pendennis," "Adam Bede," "The Egoist," and "The Way of All Flesh." These are all but all stories that you do not "find out" on close acquaintance but that you find more worth while the better you know them. The method of criticism employed in studying them, which owes something to "The Craft of Fiction" by Mr. Percy Lubbock, has the basic advantage of giving the critic at least two angles of vision. One side of a book is seen by the critic of twenty, and another side by the critic of forty. In youth there is, as Mr. Williams says, "the shock, the tension, the total absorption of our first submission" to the book. In later years there is, of course, the ability to see in the story what could not be seen before, but what the greater experience and the knowledge of maturity alone can discover.

Such a method of criticism brings to the critic, too, fresh impressions, as well as the opportunity to draw on many memories of the book, memories of thought of it under differing moods and differing conditions. There might well be more of this kind of criticism in our present day writing about literature. It gives the critic space for an outline of the story, for full quotation, for a detailed study of values. With such privileges the critic may make his reader a reader of the book criticized, which is so often to the reader, even if he is a man of cultivation, only an unread classic of familiar name. It may rehabilitate, too, a neglected book, as, we hope, will the chapter of Mr. Williams on "Roxana." Those who are sent back to Defoe will discover that his heroine's arguments about her profession anticipated many of those of Mr. Shaw's Mrs. Warren.

Mr. Williams has background against which to consider these eight books. He has read many other books of his authors, and very many other novels, English, French, and Russian. He can write the discursive sort of criticism when he will, as his two subjoined essays on William de Morgan and Somerville and Ross prove beyond shadow of a doubt. He has good taste and good judgment and experience of life. His book, following on "The Craft of Fiction," tends to show that English reviewing is moving toward a sounder basis. Time was when the reviewer of a book, whether old or new, only dipped into it for a theme and wrote on it a leader rather than a review. Mr. Williams has read the books he criticizes, and reread them, and pondered them, and made them a part of his life. His criticism will stimulate his readers to make these books a part of theirs.

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Books of Special Interest

The Roosevelt Expedition

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT and KERMIT ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK R. WILSIN

IN 1925 Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt undertook an expedition to Central Asia, to get specimens of the Ovis poli, the ibex, the Asiatic wapiti, and other species for the Field Museum of Chicago. Accompanied by George K. Cherrie and Suydam Cutting, they crossed the Himalayas by the Karakoram Pass in June. The Roosevelt brothers hurried north across Chinese Turkestan to the Tian Shan Mountains for big game, while Cherrie and Cutting followed more slowly, collecting birds and small mammals and photographing as they came. Nearly two months later the two parties again joined forces for a time. Finally Cherrie and Cutting returned from Kashgar through Russia, while the Roosevelts went on to the Pamirs for Ovis poli, and then recrossed the Himalayas to India.

In "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt tell the story of this journey. As a record of what was done and how, the book leaves little to be desired. Its best portions deal with details of hunting, and the animals hunted: ibex, sheep, wapiti, and bear in the Tian Shan, and Ovis poli in the Pamirs. The chapters which describe the crossing of the Himalayas are excellent. It would be puerile to find fault with the book for lacking historical and anthropological detail, for one cannot gather this sort of information about a country without staying some time in its cities.

Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt wrote alternate chapters, yet their styles are so similar that one is unconscious of any break in the narrative. They saw and noted much and tell it well. The amount of marching and hunting done, in the time available, is simply extraordinary. It takes not only physical strength but real skill in leadership to move a caravan through mountains as fast as they did. The hours per day spent in hunting are even more impressive than the distances marched. To climb and stalk in high mountains from dawn until long after dark is lung-breaking work. They kept at it for day after day without a break. The tremendous territory covered, and the collections gathered in one short season, are evidence enough of the energy and endurance of the authors.

Some readers may ask themselves whether the job was worth doing. Why all this fuss about the Ovis poli, the ibex, and the Asiatic wapiti?

Now it happens that wild sheep are distributed over all the continents of the northern hemisphere; ibex in Asia and Europe. They are, as a rule, found only in wild and inaccessible mountain ranges, where cold, wind, altitude, and precipitous heights render hunting incredibly arduous. Many species and races are known, each with its own geographical range. Others doubtless await discovery, for many an isolated mountain of western China, Thibet and Turkestan has never been explored by the scientific hunter. The relationships of the various groups present many interesting problems; we are far from having the final word on the subject. These facts, and the need for a complete series of specimens of all the world's fauna in all our great museums, must be borne in mind when one appraises the record of such a journey as that chronicled in this volume.

Bird History

PHEASANTS: THEIR LIVES AND HOMES. By WILLIAM BEEBE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $15.

Reviewed by ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY
American Museum of Natural History

THESE sumptuous books include all the text of the magnificent four volume monograph published in 1918-22, with the exception of the technical descriptions of the birds and the citations of earlier literature. The present text, moreover, has been in part rewritten and has been brought up to date by the inclusion of recent discoveries, such as those of the French ornithologist, Jean Delacour, in Cochin China. Since the folio edition was limited to six hundred copies, bird lovers throughout the world are deeply indebted to Col. Anthony R. Kuser, Mr. Beebe's patron during the pheasant investigations, for his decision to issue the work in smaller, inexpensive, and more practical form.

"Never, perhaps, in the history of the birds of the earth," writes Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn in the preface, "will it be possible to produce another work of quite such scope; for not a month passes but the rarer birds of all kinds are being pushed back farther into the jungle and into the mountains, where, before long, they will make their last stand. Hence, the volumes present a very strong sentimental appeal to all bird lovers."

Fifty-four plates illustrate the new edition. The reproductions in color from paintings by Lodge, Thorburn, Knight, Fuertes, Jones, and Grönvold include some of the finest book portraits of birds which have ever appeared, while photographs by the author are not only glorious pictures, but also cleave even more closely to their object of illustrating the haunts and homes of pheasants than do those in the greater edition. The reproductions are, of course, in quadricolor and half tone instead of in the more costly manner of the monograph. A certain reduction in the number of plates is not an important loss, but the elimination of bibliographic references increases the lack of documentation for which even the larger work was somewhat open to criticism. It is not always possible to tell where the discoveries of earlier observers leave off and those of Mr. Beebe begin. However, the merits of this book far outweigh any conceivable deficiencies. The admirable introduction concerning pheasants in general is a treatise of interest to all zoologists, whatever their special fields. In the discussion of the various species and races of these beautiful and fast disappearing birds, the author has brought together all available published information, together with vivid original matter derived from his own unparalleled field opportunities. The whole text is naturally enriched by the "ornithological background" in the way of word pictures of exotic environments such as we have come to expect from the pen of Mr. Beebe.

Along with its rare literary quality, the work is also filled with genetic and taxonomic information of a high grade. The order in the moult of the tail feathers is one of the characters by which Beebe divides the pheasants into their natural groups, and it is interesting to recall that he first directed attention to this curious criterion more than thirty years ago. Space forbids a consideration of any single biography. One of the most interesting and significant is doubtless that of the jungle fowl, the ancestor of all our domestic poultry, and a bird which has been bred from time immemorial, the value of its flesh and eggs being scarcely more weighty, in historical aspect, than its use in cock fighting. Nor has the fancier's hobby of developing ornamental or abnormal strains been without importance, even during the remote past.

All in all, the combined life histories of the pheasants, and the colorful record of an expedition during which nine men sacrificed their lives, have been welded by the author into one of the most notable ornithological works of all time.

Escapades

WHOOPS DEARIE! By PETER ARNO. Simon & Schuster. 1927. $1.75.

MR. ARNO'S Whoops sisters in *The New Yorker*, as they appeared from week to week, were funny, often very funny. His text to them was briefly convulsing. He and Mr. P. G. Wylie have expanded the idea into a book and have given Pansy and Mrs. Flusser 174 pages and a plot, such as it is. And the big laugh has gone out of the material. It might have been expected.

The story is simple, and vulgar. It is also human—and purposely impossible. Strangely enough the most interesting thing about it is its utterly preposterous moment of retribution, when Mrs. Flusser comes into her enormous fortune; and then there are those pleasant young people, Allan Allen and the Arno-ish blonde, Janet Weston. But Gertrude, the elephant, is really the most endearing character, she and her fabulous mahout, Algonquin Navajo Porter. Fester, the boy, is quite a stick. He sticks to Gertrude. But we have only an indication of what finally became of Gertrude. That is a pity.

The AMEN CORNER

FROM VARIOUS sources come conjectures that the Oxonian is Christopher Morley. This may be correct, and it may not; the world is full of imitations concocted to deceive all but the most wary eye!

Others seek the identity of Pamela, who is at once the rose and the thorn of the Outer Sanctum. This is a more serious matter; to inform our readers the true name of Pamela, would be to lay bare the tenderest recesses of the Oxonian's heart. The Publisher's Young Man, Young Harvard, and Pamela's Latest Victim unite in opposing this disclosure, on the plea that it would swell outside competition for Pamela's favor. A clue must suffice; since Pamela's departure from Smith College in 1923, Northampton has been a sadder, albeit more reposeful, place.

The Publisher's Young Man, who is a "stout fellow" in the Bowling Green, sent a copy of Brandenburg's *From Bismarck to the World War*(1) to Professor Schmitt of Chicago University. The reply has caused Pamela to do vivacious Charlestons amid the impedimenta of the Outer Sanctum. "The best book yet written in any language on the subject of pre-war diplomacy," says Professor Schmitt. "I have no hesitation in saying that Brandenburg is a *sine qua non*."

DOCTOR MABEL ULRICH tells us of a very modern flapper who entered her Minneapolis bookshop to purchase a Bible. Viewing with mingled astonishment and curiosity this notable conversion, Dr. Ulrich exhibited Bible after Bible (all of Oxford(2) make, we hope!). But the flapper rejected even the cheapest, with the statement, "But I only want to use it temporarily." This has led the Oxonian to speculation. What was the temporary use involved? Could not one write a captious essay on "Temporary Uses of Bibles"? And why not a Temporary Bible for Modern Youth, who outgrow its exhortations so rapidly that pages might be loose-leaf for quick removal? Whereas the story of the Prodigal Son, being a satisfactory theme, might be featured in red ink. Surely Modern Youth could supply its own Revelations!

We are told, however, that among shoplifted books the Bible takes first place. Here is further food for thought. Who steals Bibles? Are our modern criminals secretly addicted to the consolations of religion? Certainly a view of some of the fine Bibles at 35 West 32nd Street gives the most moral of us an acquisitive twitch of the fingers. At any rate, when an Oxford Bible disappears we are always secretly elated at this instance of good taste among thieves!

BIBLIOPHILES, whether professional or light-hearted, will undergo another acquisitive thrill at the news that the Oxford University Press will soon publish (for the first time) the journal of David Garrick.(3) A happy sequence of circumstances, of which more anon, has rendered available this rare document, hitherto known only to a few collectors. There is much of interest to friends of the drama and of general literature in this journal of the famous actor's trip to Paris.

The desire for guidance in reading seems a characteristic of most Americans. Overcome by too many requests, the American contingent of the Oxford Press has begun to issue a serious series of reading guides, under the general title of *Oxford Reading Courses*.(4) The first little book, recently published, is on *The English Novel*. There is an introductory essay and an interesting list of questions on each book in the course, all prepared by one A. C. Valentine, a kindly old gentleman who is known at several universities. Other books on *Biography* and *English Poetry* will soon appear. These are more carefully prepared than many guides to reading now available.

SIR J. A. MARRIOTT, whose knowledge of statesmanship is the fruit of experience as well as study, spent twenty years on his new book *The Mechanism of the Modern State*.(5) The two books which placed him among leading authorities on politics: *Second Chambers*,(6) and *English Political Institutions*,(7) were undertaken merely as preliminary studies for this *magnum opus*. Many will buy the latter to study; many more will buy it, as they buy the *Oxford English Dictionary*,(8) because they cannot do without it!

Which accounts for the fortunes made in safety pins!

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) $7.00. (2) Bibles and Testaments in 600 styles, from 95c to $78.00. (3) Limited Edition, about $7.50. (4) Each volume, $1.00. (5) 2 vols., $15.00. (6) Cloth, $3.50. (7) Cloth, $1.70. (8) In complete sets, from $356.00 to $415.00.

A New Novel by the Author of "William"

THE MALLETTS

By E. H. YOUNG

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Foreign Literature

American Fiction

LE ROMAN AMÉRICAIN D'AUJOURD-HUI. By RÉGIS MICHAUD. Paris: Boivin et Cie. 1927.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

IN a recent article on M. André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age" a reviewer remarked that "an American writing of his own country would unconsciously minimize the one characteristic which looms largest in M. Siegfried's more detached field of vision. The American sees unity. We conceive ourselves to be a nation. To M. Siegfried we are a strange and wonderful conglomeration of diverse races trying to be a nation."

That M. Siegfried sees this diversity is all to his credit, and indeed he seems to be a more discriminating writer than his critic. For—quite to the contrary—Americans, like the natives of any country, tend to see diversity among themselves, and it is the visitors who tend to see unity, or uniformity. The natives are much nearer the truth, particularly in respect to America. The subject is complex but it is probable that the uniformity is more superficial than the diversity. At any rate it lands all thinking in a futile mess to say "unity" when you probably mean "uniformity," or to say "nation" in such a way that nobody knows whether it means something political or something social. Most Germans are not bawling drill sergeants or fusty professors. Most Englishmen are not like John Bull, and never were. Most Americans are neither "puritans," nor Babbitts, nor money mad millionaires. The habit of visualizing a nation, or any group, as a person, is the old myth-making faculty and habit, vital to art and poisonous to fact. There is no Germany, or England, or America, which thinks or acts thus and so. There are only enough persons who do something of the kind, sufficiently similar and sufficiently noticeable to attract attention. There need not be, relatively, very many.

All this is apart from M. Michaud on the American novel, except to note that there seem to be some exceptions to the general rule that books on America by Europeans are not worth reading by Americans; and except that M. Michaud's commentary is all built around a thesis.

He is a Professor of French in the University of California, but all his books seem to be on American literature, most of them on Emerson. A French critic may be as inadequate on English poetry as one of our critics on French poetry, but the best foreign critics of English literature in general are usually French, and M. Michaud on the American novel is not only competent but up-to-date. The four novelists of today whom he selects for his main analysis are Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and Cabell; and probably the selection is sound. The novelists of the past selected as leading up to these are *Hawthorne*, *James*, Howells, and Mrs. Wharton. The last is both past and present, and M. Michaud perhaps, takes her somewhat too seriously.

He is hardly to be blamed for the thesis or doctrine, so familiar now to us all and which demands the intensive, incessant, and indeterminate use of the word "puritan." He only echoes our current criticism. If we could but drop psychoanalysis for a while, and especially its terms as literary terminology, and do a little analysis of words! Psychoanalytic terms have reached the status of a common slang, portmanteau words ranging all over the area of a mood. "Complex" is as invertebrate as an octopus. We say "inhibition" meaning what our fathers meant by "reserve" or "scruple." They had a theory, about it, which we have exchanged for another theory, and our theory is riding us as tyrannically as theirs. Dr. Freud has replaced Dr. Calvin and that Doctor Angelicus, Thomas Aquinas, and reversed their values. Instead of its being dangerous and probably wrong to follow one's impulses, it becomes dangerous and probably wrong not to do so. In short we are engaged in denying "the puritan" and all his works, whatever we may mean by "the puritan." Historically perhaps we should mean an extreme protestant in England or America, abstractly perhaps anyone who thinks conduct is nine-tenths of life. But Dr. Canby, recently in *The Saturday Review*, implied that Cooper was no puritan because he disliked Yankees, his own ancestry being Quaker. Evidently Quakers were not puritans, and "Yankees" were. More than a third of the old churches in Charleston were Presbyterian, but as no one yet has said "puritan Charleston" it must be that Presbyterians are not puritans either. The reading of the young is more severely Bowdlerized in Latin countries than here. Twelfth century in Europe piety had a much greater horror of "sex" than nineteenth century piety in America, and the Catholic clergy seem to be stiffer than the Protestant in the matter of feminine nudity.

Anyhow, the Mayflower passengers were puritans. But the bulk of the immigrants who poured into New England for two hundred years thereafter did not come escaping from religious persecution, but to own land and improve their fortunes, and how many of them thought conduct nine-tenths of life nobody knows. Early in the seventeenth century one Malvolio was denounced as a "puritan" who thought that because of his virtues there should be no more cakes and ale. That is a definition with some appealing points. It seems almost to include prohibitionists.

At any rate, if one looks at things in place of words, most of the "things" that so much of our twentieth century literature denounces as puritan are much the same things that used to be denounced as "Philistine" or "bourgeois," and in England now sometimes as "Victorian"—old fashioned proprieties, taboos, conventions, ideas, assumptions, as they appear to a generation quite a little "fed up" with quite a number of them. I am only suggesting that the vocabulary of this revolt against conventions is becoming fearsomely conventional, and some of us are getting quite a little "fed up" with hearing the dubious rather crassly assumed to be the obvious. The fanatic is always with us and is usually in some kind of revolt.

To return again to M. Michaud, his analysis of Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, Cabell, Hergesheimer, Miss Cather, and so on, is good and suggestive. His chapter on "Esthetes et Neo-Freudiens" deals with writers with whom I have almost no acquaintance and with several of whom I have never heard the names. Naturally I doubt their importance. I suspect his thesis leads him to include those who illustrate it and exclude those who do not, and that the result is a somewhat doctrinaire and one-sided picture of "Le Roman Amèricain d'Aujourdhui." But in general where he is dealing purely with literature he is competent and intelligent, and where he follows it back into society he usually goes astray in the wake of American controversialists. The interpretation of literary movements in terms of social backgrounds is treacherous footing. Literary movements pass like cloud shadows over the lake, but the waters below are deep and dark.

It is probably untrue that anything that could properly be called "puritan" ever was—it certainly is not now the "dominant strain" in American life. Successive waves of miscellaneous Europeans have been pouring across a continent, practically empty before them, for three hundred years. What they were, what they have experienced, how they have reacted to it and to each other,—the large features of the phenomena—are the main causes and the best indications. The frontier or the empty continent has probably had far more to do with individualism than incidental religions. The extraordinary experience, the types it developed, and the reactions against those types, these if anything, are the "dominant" things. A wilderness may stimulate control as well as liberty. Too much regulation may represent an effort to bring some order out of too much miscellany. You cannot represent such a social history by a set of catchwords.

Our literary mood is showing a tendency to shift from self-complacency to self-criticism, and the shift is welcome enough. But after all disillusion is but a name for a different outfit of illusions, and literary critics should make an effort to keep their feet under them.

M. Michaud's book however is one of those exceptional books, by a European but worth reading by an American, because of the Frenchman's native instinct for intelligent literary criticism.

The Eternal Quest

GABRIEL MAURIÈRE: L'Homme Qui ne Meurt Pas. Paris: Editions de la Vraie France. 1927.

Reviewed by AMELIA V. ENDE

FROM those remote times that live only in the lore of the people and the songs of the poets, to the present, when every simple desire of the human heart is made the subject of serious scientific research, we have an endless record of the eternal quest for means to prolong youth and arrest the ravages of age. Across Bifrost, the rainbow, did the gods ride from heaven to the well of Urd, at the foot of Ygdrasil, for a drink of its rejuvenating water. Fierce was their pursuit of the giant who kidnapped Idun, the keeper of the youth-restoring apples. When they began to feel indifferent and inert, a sip from Odhrarir inspired them with youthful zest and enthusiasm.

The story can be traced through the mythology of many nations and through history, from Roger Bacon, the learned monk, to Ponce de Leon, the romantic explorer, and beyond to the Metchnikoffs, Steinachs, and other seekers through whom science continues the old quest. The problem has not been neglected by poets. We owe to it the figure of Faust. Now a French novelist, Gabriel Maurière, has created the character of an old scientist, whose ambition is to discover the secret of longevity, if not immortality. In an old hotel of the Quai Bourbon, Olivier Sandreau is engaged in experiments to find a substance which would renew the waning life-force, and is greatly irritated by the visit of Paul Rabardy, a reporter for *Le Mondial*, but succeeds in throwing him off the track.

Some years before, Sandreau had traveled in Asia and brought home a little girl and her nurse, natives of India, whose kin had been slaughtered in an altercation with Chinese. One day he finds in his apartment a bit of parchment with these words in Sanskrit:

> On the Blue Peak, under the eyes of Buddha, the tower blossomed. The Immortals send you the Kalari from the fifth terrace. . . . The sage who partakes of the seed of the tree of life, lives one thousand years. . . .

The girl admits that she has used the parchment for curl papers, and brings him the box in which the nurse had carried it during their flight from India. Sandreau discovers in it fragments of a peculiar seed, which on examination he finds richer in vitamines than any substance known to him. He promptly associates them with the seed spoken of in the parchment, and tells the women to prepare for a journey to Asia. Arucha makes a farewell call upon Madame Cabibol, whose husband is a rival of Sandreau, in order to meet her sweetheart, the reporter, who promptly plans to meet her in Asia.

Thus reads the introduction to the fascinating record of adventure and mystery, which the author has invested with all the exotic charm of the Tibetan landscape and the tantalizing elusiveness of Buddhist sainthood. Through his guardianship of Arucha, who to the natives is known as Princess Kara-Vitse, Sandreau obtains admission to the Blue Peak with its five terraces. He represents himself as an Occidental seeker for truth, and the reaction of the Hindu sages squatting in silent meditation on the terraces, is hardly different from that of the young Messiah who recently visited America. They tell him that the West, in bondage to war and evil, is far from truth, and that only love and renunciation can insure peace. Finally Sandreau canont restrain himself from saying what is foremost in his mind; he asks:

> "Can man be immortal? Venerable master, have you the secret?"

whereupon the interview is brusquely terminated. But when a saint of a higher order receives him, before Sandreau has spoken a word, he is told:

> If you would live forever, tear out of your heart the love of self and the pride to dominate men by your science. Embrace the whole world in a sentiment of peace.

As he is led from terrace to terrace, the sages assume a more and more taciturn attitude. One has for him but one word: "Love!" and with the Master, the Buddha incarnate, Sandreau is allowed to communicate only in silence through the medium of a cord, which the mummy-like form holds in his hand, while Sandreau applies it to his brow! But, before the interpreter returns to lead him away, Sandreau has caught sight of the fifth terrace, separated from the others by a wide ditch, alive with monstrous serpents, and in the gruesome depths has spied plants with a metallic bluish lustre, like the fragments of seed secreted in his wallet. How the reporter who to his dismay has joined the expedition, secures for him the coveted plant, but under duress wins from him the hand of Arucha, whom he had expected to wed after his rejuvenation, furnishes the dramatic climax of the Tibetan adventure.

The third and last book of the novel forecasts events which some time between 1940 and 1960 may happen in Europe and shake the foundations of the Western world even more deeply than did the World War of 1914-18. The magic berries of the Tibetan jungle have marvelously rejuvenated Sandreau. He has renounced love and pursues his secondary goal: superhuman power. He had been disappointed in his dream of founding a "divine dynasty." He is disgusted with the vulgarity and vileness of the period in which he is living and men like Paul Rabardy are hauling in rich dividends.

> Money, ambition, all tyrannies more or less disguised in a civilization from which liberty was gradually disappearing under the reign of the most daring and the most cruel, were ruling the world. Power alone, a supreme power could conquer them. . . . And after that conquest would come thy reign, sublime, Gautama, and Thy kingdom of love—Jesus!

Science had made the previous war a horror never to be forgotten and science was to make all war impossible in the future. From a formidable fortress in a Swiss mountain, in which he has installed a prodigious electro-magnetic plant, Sandreau sends forth his power. He is the unknown *deus ex machina* behind the stage of the new world tragedy. Thus he plays the rôle long before chosen for himself, that of *le dieu terrestre*.

On the background of these varied and stirring scenes, Gabriel Maurière has clearly and firmly limned a series of remarkable portraits: Sandreau, the thinker and scientist who supplants in his heart the desire for love by the lust for power; Arucha, the "Hindu kitten," who lives the life of a typical Parisienne, but in her heart longs for Asia; the clever, unscrupulous climber Paul Rabardy, a type too numerous in our materialistic age to need further comment; Weisskrone, the financier, who succeeds in serving his own country and its enemy; Stany, the incorrigible idealist, and others. He has ably welded fact and fancy, science and speculation.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

READINGS. Selected by WALTER DE LA MARE and THOMAS QUAYLE. Knopf. 1927. $5.

This is a companion volume to Mr. de la Mare's incomparable anthology, "Come Hither." The size and cover-lettering are the same. The cloth of the cover is of a different kind and color. The book is not as unusual as "Come Hither," but it is a notable collection. The woodcut illustrations by C. T. Nightingale enhance its charm. Here are a great variety of old tales and selections from varied authors old and new, from Roger Ascham to A. A. Milne. Swift, Defoe, Dickens, Pepys, Cowper, Marryat, Stevenson, Hakluyt, Hardy, Thomas Bewick, George Eliot,—the famous names crowd thick as plums, and there are plenty of others. A veritable plum-pudding of great prose, a liberal education for a child and a reminiscent delight for an oldster! We have Jane Austen and we have Katherine Mansfield. We have Trelawney and Joseph Conrad, Robert Southey and Herman Melville. The introduction is an admirable word to young readers, and the keynote of it is, "Make your own discoveries. Explore!" De la Mare is a great explorer of literature, with a wonderful natural taste and a ripe discrimination.

Biography

THE SECRETS OF A SAVOYARD. By *Henry A. Lytton*. Doran. $2.50 net.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS. By *P. T. Barnum*. Edited by George S. Bryan. Knopf. 2 vols. $10 net.

Economics

HARMONY BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL. By *Oscar Newfang*. Putnam. $2.

BUSINESS WITHOUT A BUYER. By *William Trufant Foster* and *Waddill Catchings*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

CAPITAL FOR LABOR. By *W. Francis Lloyd* and *Bertram Austin*. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.

BUSINESS CYCLES AND BUSINESS MEASUREMENTS. By *Carl Snyder*. Macmillan. $6.

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM. By *A. S. Sachs*. New York: Vanguard Press. 50c.

Education

MODERN ESSAYS OF VARIOUS TYPES. Edited by *Charles A. Cockayne*. New York: Merrill.

WORKSHOP TRAINING FOR JUNIORS. By *Josephine L. Baldwin*. Methodist Book Concern. $1.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By *David Saville Muzzey*. Ginn.

Fiction

LUKUNDOO AND OTHER STORIES. By EDWARD LUCAS WHITE. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

When Edward Lucas White dreamed his remarkable tale about Andivius Hedulio one felt as if such a dreamer ought to be allowed to remain awake just long enough to record his dreams and then be forcibly put to sleep again. "Lukundoo," however, makes one doubt whether, for the sake of the author himself, one ought to demand such a sacrifice. For, according to Mr. White, eight of these ten stories were not composed but dreamed and most of them are, as he says, paragon nightmares.

This does not mean that they do not give the impression of actuality which is so important in the narration of weird tales. They do. The most gruesome and horrible of them are all related in the dry, impersonal, and matter-of-fact manner best calculated to heighten their credibility. They run the gamut of imponderables, from second sight to ghouls and nameless monstrosities, they are staged in Africa, Norway, Rio de Janeiro, as well as in such proximate regions as Baltimore, but the reader is always led into the unknown from solid platforms of every-day experiences.

All this means that Mr. White has written stories that are at once competent and entertaining. As thrillers, however, they seem to one reader to lack the magical touch of the great experts in this field. It is perhaps unfair to compare the initial tale with H. G. Wells's "Pollock and the Porroh Man" since Mr. White himself calls the latter a much better story. And one hesitates to mention the name of Poe, the master of them all. But if, for instance, such excellent examples of the type as "The Duke of Portland" by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam or Mrs. Wharton's "The Young Gentlemen" are read after Mr. White's "The Snout"—all three tales somewhat similar in theme—one cannot but feel that in "The Snout" the unexpected and the horrible are not quite unexpected and horrible enough. And this is characteristic of even the best of the stories in "Lukundoo." They seem a little spare and meagre, a little under-realized for all the ease of their telling and for all the imagination that went into their concocting.

EAST INDIA AND COMPANY. By PAUL MORAND. A. & C. Boni. 1927. $2.50.

The jacket of this book promises the reader "bizarre oriental adventures with the utmost ultra-modern European spices." There is nothing in it that can be called "spicy," as that adjective is usually applied to French novels. Indeed, it is in the class of innocuous novels of which the French publishers say, *peut être mis entre toutes les mains*.

"Bizarre oriental adventures," however, we find, and in good measure. Three ghost stories and four other corking good yarns for which China furnishes a brilliantly sketched background, a gruesome chapter on Malay poisons, stories in which a Spaniard lives as a god on a mysterious island in the Indian Ocean, a Parisian finds the haunted skull of the horse of Ghengis Khan, an Englishman is tricked by a cunning Oriental in the Kingdom of Indrapura, an American girl in Manila is unable to love anyone but herself, two Scotsmen of the same family, but a hundred and fifty years apart, feel the fascinating lure of Tahiti,—these clever and cosmopolitan tales should appeal to readers of all nationalities and all tastes.

Paul Morand, already widely known as the talented author of "Open All Night" and "Closed All Night," ranks with Claude Farrère as the contemporary master in France of the exotic tale. Neither Morand nor Farrère can vie with Pierre Loti in ability to reproduce the soul of foreign lands; but both make an equal, if not superior, appeal to the general reader, for they have what Loti lacked: an art of composition, a sense of the dramatic, in a word, excellent narrative technique.

The English of the translation is so good that, with rare exceptions, one is not aware that he is reading a translation. It is a pity that the translator's name is not on the title-page, for he deserves to be known and complimented.

THE LOST ADVENTURER. By WALTER GILKYSON. Scribners. 1927. $2.

This is the story of Rann McCloud, young proprietor of a Pennsylvania newspaper in the 'sixties, who championed the cause of the humble Ellises, lost his paper and his home in the resultant libel suit, married Isabel d'Alvarez, went with her to live in her Uncle Policarpo's Altean castle, became a major in the Spanish army, was jailed for Republican beliefs, escaped, was recaptured and ordered deported, and drowned while swimming ashore to see Isabel, who meanwhile and without his knowledge was traveling to join him aboard ship.

The book's plan is ironical. Its execution is not. The result is confusing. Rann McCloud is not adventurous. He is a sullen young man of no great intelligence. His interests, like his hatreds, are picayune. Had he accomplished all the few things he attempted he still would have been a man of no importance. The greatest height he can achieve is an exhibition of that senseless obstinacy which is the courage of the very weak.

Mr. Gilkyson seems to take this oaf seriously, to consider him an admirable figure. To himself Rann McCloud seems a giant. To his wife he seems a giant. That's all very well. But when Mr. Gilkyson agreed with them he spoiled his book.

THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES OF 1925-26. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.50.

GEORGIAN STORIES. 1926. Putnam. 1927. $2.50.

The first of these two collections contains short stories which have appeared during the past year in the leading periodicals of Continental Europe, except France. The editor, Mr. Richard Eaton, seems to have sought for variety rather than uniform excellence. Every nation from Spain to India, including the Scandinavian in unusual profusion, is represented. The authors range from Mr. A. Aharonian (Armenia) to Mr. K. Zarins (Latvia) with a great many new and picturesque cognomens in between, and by those interested in the literary welfare of the old world, a number of instructive comparisons may doubtless be drawn. As pure reading matter, however, it must be admitted that the whole volume is a trifle unsatisfying. A copious bibliography and directory of European periodicals is included. Incidentally, there are also several first rate pieces of work, which may be picked out of the welter of nationalism by any discriminating reader.

Most of the "Georgian Stories" for last year are already old friends. Messrs. Huxley, Bullett, Coppard, Maugham, Moss, and O'Flaherty all were fortunate enough to find publishers and readers for the stories by which they are here represented prior to the appearance of this collection. They are all good stories in one way or another, and they are indicative of a far greater number of equally readable tales by the same men. The book may therefore serve as propaganda, or merely as an innocuous way of sampling the vintage of 1926 without investing heavily therein, according as the purchaser desires. Quarreling with the selection is futile in any year, and in this one particularly so. We are offered everything from the politely academic (Miss Sandra Alexander's "The Van Zandt Dinner") to Miss Gertrude Stein's admirably sententious "Fifteenth of November." In spite of the wide latitude of styles and tastes, no one story seems more than good. But perhaps that is the fault of the Georgian short story itself rather than of its editors.

GERVAISE OF THE GARDEN. By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE. Century. 1927. $1.50.

In this book romantically inclined little girls will find plenty of plot and one of those improbable tales of a lost little girl, living in a ruined castle with a miserly grandfather. She is later restored to her mother by the efforts of three enterprising playmates from the city. It is exactly the sort of story that healthy girls of ten and twelve, leading normal, carefully-supervised lives will read from cover to cover many times, sympathising with the neglected heroine and perhaps envying her a little! It isn't a particularly unusual book in any way, but it has a vigor and spirit of its own and is readable, which is more than can be said of many juveniles of this type. Perhaps the author will sometime turn this ability of hers into something of more lasting account,—a modern "Little Women" or a trifle less artificial tale of present-day girls.

THE MAGIC FORMULA. By L. P. JACKS. Harpers. 1927. $2.50.

The stories of Mr. L. P. Jacks, of which this volume contains twelve selected from a larger series, are good enough to give their author standing as a writer of short stories; but they are not good enough to keep people from thinking of him as the invariably "distinguished editor of the *Hibbert Journal*." They are pleasantly told things, nicely ironical, wooden now and then, tinctured generally with the anti-intellectualism of an intellectual. They rest on an amused puzzlement over things at large; and while that state is not one from which vigorous writing comes, it can produce a diverting sort nevertheless. Of that sort is "A Gravedigger Scene," with its burying plot so full that "yer puts in one, and yer digs up two;" and "Made Out of Nothing," the story of the honest faker of idols, Egyptian mummies, Tanagra figurines, and what-not, whose motto was, "As good as the originals; and, if anything, better."

THE LINGERING FAUN. By MABEL WOOD MARTIN. Stokes. 1927. $2.

In these pages the problems of the Russian aristocracy exiled in Paris after the war come to us with a certain vividness and power. But what comprehension we get is the result of hard labor, for "The Lingering Faun" is a very difficult novel to follow. Mabel Wood Martin writes diffusely and with a kind of grandiose emotionalism; as a result the narrative for chapters at a stretch appears hopelessly confused. Indeed, there will be comparatively few readers with the perseverance to plough through the first hundred pages. The book once finished, however, we find sympathy for these poor outcasts, and we pity them deeply. Here is first-class material for a novel badly mutilated by inexpertness and lack of perspective, material so good that in spite of the fiasco of its presentation we are genuinely moved to compassion.

THE CROOKED STICK. By *Pauline Stiles*. Doran. $2 net.

A VIRGIN OF YESTERDAY. By *Dorothy Speare*. Doran. $2 net.

ONE OF THESE DAYS. By *Michael Trappes-Lomax*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF RODERIC FYFE. By *John Oxenham*. Longmans, Green. $2.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT. By *Carolyn Wells*. Doran. $2 net.

THE MAN THEY COULDN'T ARREST. By *Austin* J. Small. Doran. $2 net.

SECURITY. By *Esmé Wynne-Tyson*. Doran. $2 net.

O'FLAHERTY THE GREAT. By *John Cournos*. Knopf. $2.50.

A SHADOWY THIRD. By *Elizabeth Sprigge*. Knopf.

THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO. Miguel Cervantes. By *Han Ryner*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

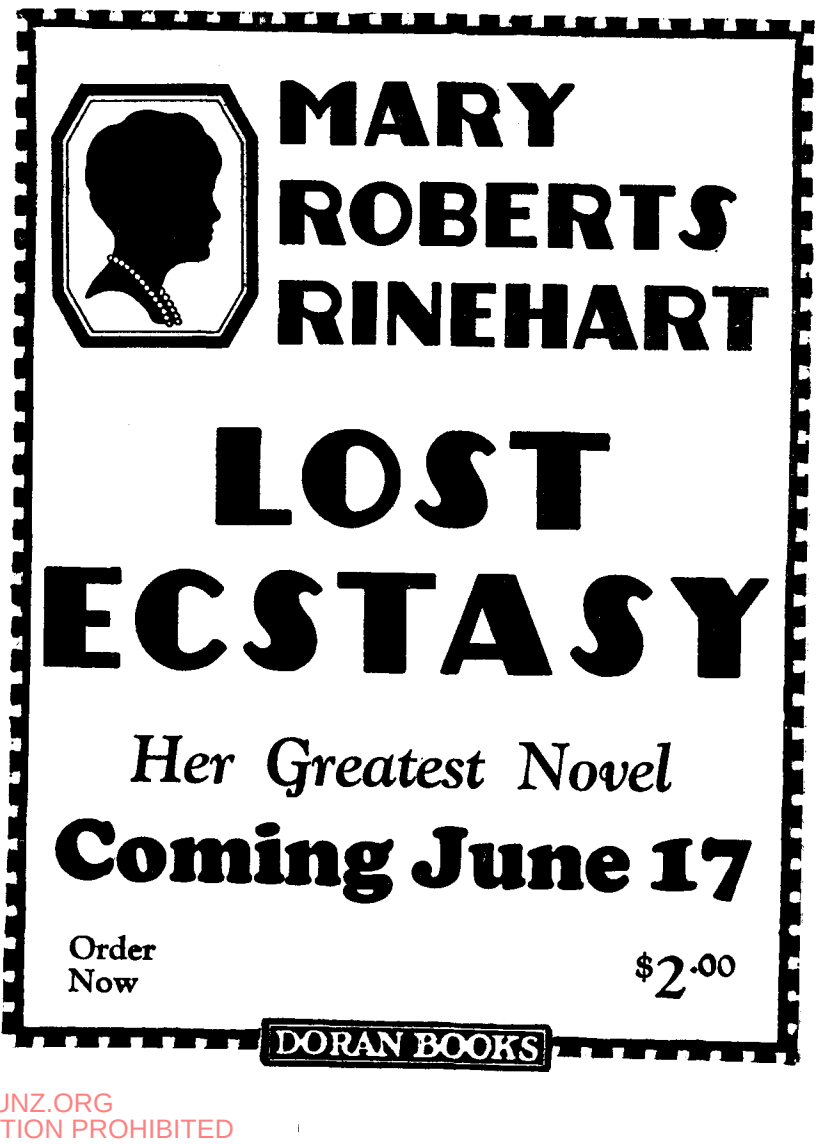
THREE LIGHTS FROM A MATCH. By Leonard *Nason*. Doran. $2.

YOUNG MEN IN LOVE. By *Michael Arlen*. Doran. $2.50.

Foreign

GOLDONI. By *H. C. Chatfield-Taylor*. Bari: Laterza & Figli.

(*Continued on next page*)



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The New Books

Foreign

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LE SECOURS DE CHOMAGE EN BELGIQUE PENDANT L'OCCUPATION ALLEMANDE. By *Ernest Mahaim.* Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

L'AFRIQUE DU NORD PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *Augustin Bernard.* Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

DE LA LUTTE CONTRE LA CHERTE PAR LES ORGANISATIONS PRIVEES. By *Charles Gide* and *Daudé Bancel.* Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

ADRIENNE MESURAT. By *Julian Green.* Paris: La Librairie Plon.

Government

AMERICAN PARTIES AND ELECTIONS By *Edward McChesney Sait.* Century. $3.75.

THE MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF CITY GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE UNITED STATES. 2 volumes. By *Ernest S. Griffith.* Oxford University Press.

RE-FORGING AMERICA. By *Lathrop Stoddard.* Scribners. $3.

THE STATE. By *Franz Oppenheimer.* New York: Vanguard Press. 50c.

WHITHER DEMOCRACY? By *N. J. Leunes.* Harper. $3.

History

STRINDBERG'S CONCEPTION OF HISTORY. By *Harry V. E. Palmblad.* Columbia University Press.

THE BORDERLAND IN THE CIVIL WAR. By *Edward Conrad Smith.* Macmillan.

SOURCES FOR THE HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By *Shafant Ahmad Kahn.* Oxford University Press.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By *Hilaire Belloc.* Vol. II. Putnam. $3.75.

CHILE AND ITS RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES. By *Henry Clay Evans.* Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. $2.50.

THE BRIDGE TO FRANCE. By *Edward N. Hurley.* Lippincott. $5.

THE QUAKERS. By *A. Neave Brayshaw.* Macmillan.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By *Dexter Perkins.* Harvard University Press. $3.50.

THE RENASCENCE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY. By *Charles Homer Haskins.* Harvard University Press. $5.

MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By *Frank Frost Abbott* and *Allan Chester Johnson.* Princeton University Press. $5 net.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By *Lancelot Lawton.* Macmillan.

AMERICAN OPINION OF FRANCE FROM LAFAYETTE TO POINCARE. Knopf.

International

THE DEBT SETTLEMENT AND THE FUTURE. By *Walter Russell Batsell.* Lecram Press, 41 Rue de Borneo.

FOREIGN RIGHTS AND INTERESTS IN CHINA. By *Westel W. Willoughby.* Johns Hopkins Press. 2 vols.

CHINA AND THE OCCIDENT. By *George Nye Steiger.* Yale University Press. $3.50.

THE FASCIST DICTATORSHIP IN ITALY. By *Gaetano Salvemeni.* Holt. $3.50.

Juvenile

JOAN'S DOOR. By ELEANOR FARJEON. Stokes. 1927. $2.

Eleanor Farjeon is like the old nursery rhyme, for whether she is writing of children or country roads, of bells in a valley, of cities under the sea, or a two penn'worth of chestnuts bought on a London street corner, she always manages to "make music wherever she goes." "Joan's Door" is a little door, but it leads to the great green spaces and wide meadows of childhood with their patterning of innumerable small flowers that never seem half so bright as when seen through the eyes of a grateful and remembering poet. No one is better at this sort of thing than Miss Farjeon. The child who is lucky enough to come to these verses early need never lack pleasant company for the mind on the way to school of a spring morning. Clear and musical and light-hearted verses they are for the most part, with a delightful crispness of phrasing and piquant fancies that keep bobbing up as unexpectedly as apples on Hallowe'en. Such a one is the verse about the "Sweetstuff Wife" and her little candy shop where she sold the delectable comfits with mottos. It ends with the sprightly suggestion:—

So I think, I think you would surely find
That the queer little Sweetstuff Wife
Once swallowed a comfit that said "Be Kind"
And was for the rest of her life.

Personally we are perhaps a little fonder of Miss Farjeon's "Country Child's Alphabet" though in this earlier book there is no verse we enjoyed more than "Ragged Robin" from the present volume. Nothing shows her peculiar quality of freshness and spirit better than this:

O my Robin, Robin in rags!
O my Robin of jags and tags!
Whichever way the old world wags
I'll love my Ragged Robin O!

We'll dine on song and sup on verse
And when things go from bad to worse
We'll borrow from the Shepherd's Purse
A trifle, Ragged Robin O!

And he the gayest lad that thrives,
And I the merriest of wives,
We'll live our tattered summer lives,
I and my Ragged Robin O!

This is not another "When We Were Very Young." It makes no claim to be and its audience will be a far smaller one. But to verse-loving children and older readers with an ear for singing rhythms, for rhymes, and refrains, and freshness of imagination such a book will have a very special place of its own.

It is a great pity that such delightful verse should be marred by the unfortunate illustrations of Will Townsend, for a more spiritless and crudely drawn lot we have seldom seen. Miss Farjeon has suffered before in the matter of illustration. She deserves an Ernest H. Shepherd as much as any one we can think of writing for children today.

ONCE IN FRANCE. By MARGUERITE CLÉMENT. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

Marguerite Clément has done a very delightful thing in retelling a number of the old French romances for young readers of today. She has told them simply with charming flavor and spirit and without too much of that simplification which so often robs the old tales of their reality. The stories themselves are out of the usual run of material to be found in such collections. They deal with such quaint and appealing personages as the good little Duchess Anne of Brittany who went on a pilgrimage in search of a miracle to be performed by the sacred finger of St. John the Baptist; of the beautiful Princess of Provence who was forced to become a shepherdess while her husband was away on a perilous crusade; of sweet Heliote, friend of Jeanne d'Arc; and, one of the most delightfully told of all, —of that little girl from a far tropical island who fulfiled the promises of the fortune teller by sailing away to France to wear the crown of Napoleon and to lose it again. These and many more make an ideal group of historical romances for girls who are outgrowing the so-called juveniles. There is a pleasant ring of reality to the tales, combined with a true feeling for folk and fairy lore. The publishers have given the book a pleasant format with many pictures in black and white and a colored frontispiece. The artist has been at some pains to produce an effect of quaintness which in one or two cases seems a trifle forced.

LITTLE BLUE GIRL. By BETH A. RETNER. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

This is another one of those sentimental stories of the Pollyanna type. Indeed if we didn't know that the author of that extremely trying "glad child" was dead, we should feel sure she had written this sweetly appealing story of a misunderstood little girl who made the best of orphan asylums and cross guardians and anything else that happened along. Of course there will always be a demand for such books; they will always sell. Little girls have always cried over some such heroine from Elsie Dinsmore through to this particular Winkie, daughter of a circus bareback rider, and the central figure of Miss Retner's story. She does not play the glad game, but she has more or less the same idea, for she tries to fit everything and everybody into "the pattern which her mother had told her a Great Hand works out perfectly for everyone's life." If the author would only be content to tell with spirit and sympathy the straightforward story of a plucky child's adventures in an orphanage and in the circus, much of the sentimentality and over fanciful exaggeration would be overlooked. But she is always making such remarks as: "A wan smile crept into her voice" and "the glimmering electric lights along the streets sprinkled sparkles into his quizzical eyes." We could quote more from every page; the book is peppered with them and it is a pity, for Miss Retner has so much vitality and spirit to her work that she could do a real children's classic if she could once cure herself of over-sentimentality and too fanciful word embroidery.

PAINTED PONIES. By *Alan De May.* Doran. $2.

THE MACARONI TREE. By *Dora Amsden.* Published at Santa Barbara by Wallace Hebberd.

NEW BIBLE HELPS FOR YOUNG FOLKS. New York: Oxford University Press.

INDIAN NIGHTS. Retold by *G. Waldo Browne.* Noble & Noble. 85 cents.

CAPTAIN BOLDHEART. By *Charles Dickens.* Macmillan. $1.75.

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL BUNYAN. By *James Cloyd Bowman.* Century. $2.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST. By *Captain Marryat.* Scribners. $2.50 net.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN OAF. By *Herb Roth.* Text by *Frank Sullivan.* New York: Macy-Masius.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. By *Lewis Carroll.* Appleton. $2.50.

RUSS FARRELL CIRCUS FLYER. By *Thomson Burtis.* Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

INDUSTRIAL PLAYS. By *Virginia Olcott.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

DUTCH DAYS. By *Mary Emery Hall.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN. By *Helen Coale Crew.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

A FLAG KEPT FLYING. By *Doris Pocock.* Appleton. $1.75.

THE SCRATCHES ON THE GLASS. By *Gladys Blake.* Appleton. $1.75.

PRISCILLA OF PRYDEHURST. By *Hammel Johnson.* Appleton. $1.75.

THE CRY-BABY CHICKEN. By *Madge A. Bigham.* Little, Brown. $1 net.

SCOUTING IN THE DESERT. By *Everett T. Tomlinson.* Appleton. $1.75.

THE WAR CHIEF. By *Elmer Russell Gregor.* Appleton. $1.75.

THE RELIEF PITCHER. By *Ralph Henry Barbour.* Appleton. $1.75.

THE GREAT GOODMAN. By *William E. Barton.* Bobbs-Merrill.

THE BOY SHOWMAN AND ENTERTAINER. By *A. Rose.* Dutton. $2.

THE LOST MERBABY. By *Margaret Baker.* Illustrated by Mary Baker. Duffield. $2.

WALTER GARVIN IN MEXICO. By *Gen. Smedley D. Butler* and *Lt. Arthur J. Burke.* Dorrance. $1.75.

Loeb Classics

ARISTOTLE "THE POETICS," "LONGINUS" ON THE SUBLIME, DEMETRIUS ON STYLE. Translated by *W. Hamilton Fyfe* and *W. Rhys Roberts.* Putnam. $2.50.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF STRABO IV. Translated by *H. L. Jones.* Putnam. $2.50.

PLUTARCH'S MORALIA I. Translated by *F. C. Babbitt.* Putnam. $2.50.

CICERO: PRO LEGE MANILIA, Etc. Translated by *H. Grose Hodge.* Putnam. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

SHORTCUT COOKERY. By *Mabel Claire.* Greenberg. $1.50.

IRIS IN THE LITTLE GARDEN. By *Ella Porter McKinney.* Little, Brown. $1.75 net.

EIGHT O'CLOCK CHAPEL. By *Cornelius Howard Patton* and *Walter Taylor Field.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

ESSENTIALS OF GOLF. By *Abe Mitchell.* Doran. $3 net.

YOUR THOUGHTS AND YOU. By *Kathrine R. Logan.* Doran. $1.35 net.

THE CARE OF THE FACE. By *Oscar L. Levin.* Greenberg. $2.

WIT AND WISDOM OF DEAN INGE. Selected and arranged by *Sir James Marchant.* Longmans, Green. $1.25.

SPEECH: Its Function and Development. By *Grace Andrus de Laguna.* Yale University Press. $5.

SOCIAL FACTORS IN MEDICAL PROGRESS. By *Bernhard J. Stern.* Columbia University Press. $2.25.

Music

SCHUBERT: The Symphonies. By *A. Brent Smith.* Oxford University Press.

ELEMENTARY HARMONY. By *C. H. Kitson.* Oxford University Press.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THEIR MUSIC. By *A. H. Peppin.* Oxford University Press.

SONG INTERPRETATION. By *W. S. Drew.* Oxford University Press.

TERPANDER, OR MUSIC AND THE FUTURE. By *Edward J. Dent.* Dutton. $1.

CANADIAN FOLK SONGS. Selected and translated by *J. Murray Gibbon.* Dutton.

Pamphlets

CHINA'S DEBT TO BUDDHIST INDIA. By *Llang Chi Chao.* Maha Bodhi Society, 148 West 49th Street, New York City.

THE SYLLABUS OF ERRORS OF POPE PIUS IX. By *Robert R. Hull.* Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor. 30 cents.

SOME RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRANCISCAN DOCUMENTS AND THEIR RELATION TO THE SECOND LIFE OF CELASO AND THE "SPECULUM PERFECTIONIS." By *A. G. Little.* Oxford University Press. $1.

ON SOME DISPUTED POINTS IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By *Otto Jespersen.* Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

FRANCIS BACON. By *A. E. Taylor.* Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

ENGLISH VOWEL SOUNDS. By *W. A. Aikin.* Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

THE GREAT GAME IN ASIA. By *H. W. C. Davis.* Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

ON MEMORIZING. By *Tobias Matthay.* Oxford University Press.

INSULATING OIL. Compiled by *Arthur W. Fyfe, Jr.* New York Public Library. 50 cents.

THE PAINTER LOOKS AT NATURE. By *Walter F. Isaacs.* University of Washington.

Philosophy

THE HINDU VIEW OF LIFE. By *S. Radhakrishnan.* Macmillan.

KANT'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By *Clement C. J. Webb.* Oxford University Press. $4.25.

THE FATHER IN PRIMITIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By *Bronislaw Malinowski.* Norton. $1.

A SHORT OUTLINE OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By *C. J. Warden.* Norton. $1.

TYPES OF MIND AND BODY. By *E. Miller.* Norton. $1.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Philosophy

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE. By *Coburn Allen.* New York: Greenberg.

TWO SOULS IN ONE BODY. By *Henry Herbert Goddard.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

MAN: AN INDICTMENT. By *Anthony M. Ludovici.* Dutton. $5.

ECCE HOMO. By *Friedrich Nietzsche.* London: Allen & Unwin. $3.50.

LOVE AND MORALITY. By *Jacques Fischer.* Knopf. $4.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF OUR CONDUCT. By *William E. Ritter.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

MIND AND PERSONALITY. By *William Brown.* Putnams. $2.50.

THE NATURE OF "INTELLIGENCE" AND THE PRINCIPLES OF COGNITION. By *C. Spearman.* Macmillan. $5.

A MANUAL OF INDIVIDUAL MENTAL TESTS AND TESTING. By *Augusta F. Bronner, William Healy, Gladys M. Lowe,* and *Myra E. Shimberg.* Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

THE ABILITIES OF MAN. By *C. Spearman.* Macmillan. $4.50.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY. By *A. T. Poffenberger.* Appleton. $4.

Poetry

THE GUILTY SUN. By JAMES DALY. Pittsburgh: Folio Press. 1926.

One hundred and fifty copies were printed of this attractive, slim book. Some of the poems included have appeared in various weeklies and intellectual periodicals. The book is dedicated to Haniel Long. To "carelessly articulate the careful word" seems, in his own phrase, the strength and the weakness of Mr. Daly. He is extremely sensitive to *nuance,* to subtle rhythms. He is crepuscular, and yet some of his verse is as delicately fashioned as the best of Ezra Pound. Once or twice we feel the distinct influence of Yeats, in "The Eagle," in the poem dedicated to that poet. "Frontiersman in the City" we have praised ere now. "Farewell" has fine lines, "To the Sun's Accuser" is beautiful in restraint, "For a Land of Ready Fruit" has charm, "For Myself Imaged in a Pool," and "For Another Phoenix" are delicate love poems, and "For the Space Where a Tall Tree Stood" is moving. "For the Praiser of Wind" is one of the poet's best as it is one of his longest poems.

Mr. Daly's touch upon his instrument is light and fine. The strings hardly breathe. Toward the end he grows cryptic. His are the faults of the intensely subjective poetry of the day, and his is the haunting and haunted Celtic moodiness. This is a slight book for the twilight, not a trumpet for the noon. But it distinctly deserves reading.

SAINTS IN SUSSEX. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

Ten poems are included here, a saints' calendar, and two plays, one a nativity and the other a passion play. The poems are to celebrate the saints of Sussex. The plays lay the nativity and the crucifixion of Christ in Sussex and modernize the characters as they might be today, save for their own language and that of the attendant angels. Their language is a mixture of the rustic speech of Sussex and other natural modern speech, mixed with Biblical speech (as is the angels'), and with phrase from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer. Miss Kaye-Smith's whole endeavor has been to set the Christ story, in the episodes of His birth and His death and resurrection,

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

ALMA. By *Margaret Fuller* (Morrow).

THOMAS PAINE. By *Mary Agnes Best* (Harcourt, Brace).

PHEASANT JUNGLES. By *William Beebe* (Putnam).

L. L. E., Birmingham, Ala., asks for a short list of books on Industrial America, for the use of a study club.

THE shortest list I can suggest is also, I think, the best. It consists of one book, "The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles and Mary Beard (Macmillan). Possibly it could be still further condensed—if the reader could forego the satisfaction of the first volume—to the second, "The Industrial Era," in itself a bulky book. An additional reading-list that would really fit the group's needs could be made by noting the subjects in which it took especial interest and collecting authoritative works about them. When I read Viscount Grey's "Twenty-Five Years" (Stokes) I found myself constantly coming upon names—like Fashoda or Algeciras—that called up a general idea that something important had happened in connection with them, but no definite notion of just what this had been. If this gives the correspondents of this column the impression that I have been a sloppy and superficial reader, I can only say that a good many of us take for granted that our information is more exact than it really is. But if a book as important as "Twenty-Five Years" takes for granted that a reader will know just what took place at some place it mentions, it is his business to justify that confidence; I did so by looking up every name or event on which I felt myself shaky, in G. P. Gooch's "History of Modern Europe, 1878-1919" (Holt), which is especially strong on diplomatic complications and disentanglements. The result was that I brought away far more from "Twenty-Five Years," and that this period in Europe has now a quite different color in my mind.

I so often offer advice like this to study-clubs in personal letters as Reader's Guide that I am emboldened to give it to them thus generally in type. The immediate profit of "The Rise of American Civilization" will be evident as soon as one finds his interest swept along with the current of the narrative, but a benefit even greater may result from sharpening the outlines of one's ideas, documenting them as a broad, general history like this, however dependable, cannot attempt to do. In short, when Professor Beard refers to something everyone knows and you know you really don't, look it up.

P. H., Boston, Mass., asks for suggestions on the choice of a volume of poems for a gift to a poetry-lover on a country vacation.

THE obvious choice being an anthology like the delightful "Gypsy Trail," a pocket collection of outdoor poems (Kennerley), or Padraic Colum's "Anthology of Irish Verse" (Boni & Liveright), I add to this two volumes I have put aside for further enjoyment in the open air later on. One is the choice made, apparently by the poet himself, "Selected Poems," by Walter de la Mare (Holt). Here one comes upon "Old Susan," "Titmouse," "The Listeners," "All That's Past," and so many other loved and priceless verses that he will be reconciled to not finding certain of his other favorites—for this is a book light enough to take on a journey and in large clear type, which means but sixty-eight poems. The other is a new gathering of "Lyrics from the Old Song Books," collected and edited by Edmondstoune Duncan (Harcourt, Brace); I find it charming because here are any number of verses of which I know but a line or so from quotations in famous plays like "Water parted" or "Ah, Robin, jolly Robin," and many half-remembered lyrics from days when part-singing was still sometimes a family pastime in this country, and glee-books were full of old English poetry. All verses in this book have been sung, and most of them were so well set to music that they have been sung for years. The collection includes some poems set as recently as 1907 and written not long before. Altogether it is an unusual and gratifying gathering.

E. C. C., Philadelphia, asks for books on a Mediterranean tour—Sicily, Athens, Constantinople, Egypt, Palestine.

BAEDEKER'S "The Mediterranean" (Scribner, 1911) still accompanies and enlightens travelers, but since the close of the war several handbooks have been published, not so thorough-going as the famous handbook, but practical in their advice: there is a new handy edition of Rolland Jenkin's "The Mediterranean Cruise" (Putnam), which has illustrations in color and several maps, and a little handbook called "All Around the Mediterranean," by Warren H. Miller (Appleton), combining detailed advice on prices and places with personal experiences that make pleasant reading at home. It takes the Southern Atlantic route to the Atlantic islands, Lisbon, Algiers, the Spanish ports, the Riviera, Naples, and Sicily, Athens, Constantinople, Beirut, Jerusalem, and Alexandria.

"The Quest for Winter Sunshine," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown), compares the advantages of Mediterranean resorts—Taormina, Luxor, Ajaccio, Algeciras, Seville, Hyères, Cannes, Juan-les-Bains, Antibes, Beaulieu. It is a wealthy sort of book, with full-page pictures that add to its general opulence. "The French and Italian Rivieras," by Helena Waters (Houghton Mifflin), is designed for motorists, going from Marseilles to La Spezia and taking in excursions through the Maritimes and Ligurian Alps. "Along the Rivieras of France and Italy," by Gordon Home (Dutton), is a new and beautiful color-illustrated volume by a well-known English travel-writer.

Douglas Goldring's delightful story of a tour, "Gone Abroad" (Houghton Mifflin), includes the Balearic Isles, and the happy record of Arthur Hildebrand's trip in a yawl from Glasgow to Athens, "Blue Water" (Harcourt, Brace), has the Mediterranean in it, sea and shore. The Balearics have been lately represented in travel-literature by two fine volumes, Henry C. Shelley's "Majorca" (Little, Brown), and Nina Larrey Duryea's "Mallorca the Magnificent" (Century); these are beautifully illustrated. There is a section in Guy de Pourtales's popular new biography of Chopin, called "Polonaise" (Holt), that could well be put on a travel list for "Majorca," and "Polonaise" is as good a biography of a musician, for the use of non-musicians, as ever I read. Anthony Dell's "Isles of Greece" (Stokes) is a luxurious work with marvelous pictures. Philip S. Marden's "Greece and the Ægean Isles" (Houghton, Mifflin), is a smaller book often taken along, especially as a guide to art collections. "Corsica: the Surprising Island," by Hildegarde Hawthorne (Duffield), combines history on the spot with the story of a personal tour; it makes fascinating reading, and should turn travel that way.

C. P. Hawkes's "Mauresques" (Houghton Mifflin), Isabel Anderson's "From Corsair to Riffian" (Houghton Mifflin), Annie Quibell's "A Wayfarer in Egypt" (Houghton Mifflin), James Baikie's "Century of Excavation in the Land of the Pharaohs" (Revell), a brief account of what went on up to and including the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb, must be mentioned as reliable and entertaining; the magnificent color pictures by Jules Guerin make Robert Hichens's "Egypt and its Monuments" (Century) too large and expensive for a travel-guide, so its text without pictures is published as "The Spell of Egypt" (Century) and widely used on tour.

One who intends to "take up the Mediterranean in a serious way" has Marion Isabel's "Mediterranean Lands" (Knopf) as a basis for further study or as a study in itself of the development of western civilization in relation to geographical conditions. Longmans, Green has lately published "The Mediterranean World in Greek and Roman Times," by Dorothy Vaughan, the story of its moulding by the joint influence of Greece and Rome, told in a series of tales that each illustrate some important aspect of the process, linked by a thread of general narrative. I suppose Mediterranean tourists must all read Ibañez's "Mare Nostrum" (Dutton): they should. "Beyond the Bosphorus," by Lady Dorothy Miles (Little, Brown) is an exciting and colorful account of a woman's journey alone through Asia Minor, Syria, the Holy Land, and Iraq. "Bible Lands To-day," by William T. Ellis (Appleton), includes not only Palestine but the Mediterranean lands, going from Sicily to Persia. This book will interest anyone who has taken this route or intends to, but its especial attraction will be to the wise traveler who goes for some special reason, like a pilgrim, and his advice to such is golden.

This department believes in going to headquarters for information whenever possible, and sometimes information comes to it from headquarters, rolling uphill. The following list has been offered to the correspondent whose hobbies were "murder and gardening" by no less an authority than Edmund Lester Pearson, author of "Studies in Murder" and "Murder at Smutty Nose":

THESE are murder books every child should know:

1. A Book of Remarkable Criminals. By H. B. Irving. **(Doran.)**
2. Studies of French Criminals of the 19th Century. By H. B. Irving. (Heinemann, London. Brentano, N. Y.)

   Probably out of print, and it doesn't matter so much, as it is the least desirable of his books,—except to those to whom any European rhinestone is better than an Anglo-Saxon diamond.
3. Last Studies in Criminology. By H. B. Irving. (Collins, London. Also published here, I think.)

   These are miscarriages of justice; only one is a murder trial. Book is notable for the extraordinary case of La Roncière, in which an innocent man was sent to prison by a youthful female liar,—something which has often happened. Only this girl was a wholesale, ingenious, and hard-working liar.
4. Twelve Scots Trials. By William Roughead. (Dutton.)
5. The Riddle of the Ruthvens. By Roughead. (Dutton.)
6. Glengarry's Way. By Roughead. (Dutton.)
7. The Fatal Countess. By Roughead. (Dutton.)
8. The Rebel Earl. By Roughead. (Green, Edinburgh.)
9. Famous Poison Mysteries. By Edward H. Smith. (Dial Press.)

   That rare thing: a book on this subject by an American.

The Guide adds that The Oxford University Press has just published a pocket guide, "Crime and Detection," a collection of short stories at eighty cents.

C. L., Burlington, Iowa, asks for a book that appeared in the late summer of 1926, presenting the case against Christian Science; he knows that it was the work of three authors, one of whom he thinks was a physician.

THIS is "The Faith, the Falsity, and the Failure of Christian Science," published by Revell in 1925. It is by Woodbridge Riley, member of the American Psychological Association, Frederick W. Peabody, LL.D., member of the Massachusetts Bar, and Charles E. Humiston, M.D., Sc.D., Professor of Surgery, College of Medicine, University of Illinois.

Published by Dutton

THE HOMELAND OF ENGLISH AUTHORS

By

ERNEST H. RANN

A ramble along the banks of the Avon, through quaint old Warwickshire, into beautiful Sussex and the Wessex of Hardy! A preamble to the life and letters of the immortals who dwelt there for a time! It's a veritable Baedeker to English literature! The literary tramp will pick up more than bread crumbs on his way. He will enjoy a feast for the gods.

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Points of View

"The Road to Xanadu"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

One of your readers at least felt that your editorial of May 21 in praise of Professor Lowes's book on Coleridge supplied a needed supplement to Professor Tinker's review of the book in the preceding issue. We can, indeed, infer from this review that a book has been written about the sources of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan;" and by means of three columns which Professor Tinker devotes to a story of Kipling's we can gather something about a theory of the imagination developed in the book. But of the gigantic production which is "The Road to Xanadu" Professor Tinker gives us scarcely an inkling. From all that he tells us we would think that merely another academic study had appeared.

In reading "The Road to Xanadu" itself, however, most of us can only marvel at the ability which enabled one of the busiest of mortals, in the intervals of a put-upon life as professor and chairman of a department, to accumulate such quantities of facts; to order every fact into its exact place in the total argument; to detect (with "falcon eye" surely not so different in kind from Coleridge's), the innumerable, subtle, and diverse sources of the poet's inspiration; to present the whole cheerfully, unpedantically, readably, at times with elevation; and most marvelous of all, never once to lose sight of the fact that he is not accumulating "sources" for their own sake, but is seeking through sources to throw light on the workings of the poetic imagination.

And not the least of the virtues which Professor Lowes reflects in his book is that he never wastes time to be "literary" or otherwise display himself. Indeed, he has no need, when his business, strictly attended to, is so eloquent for him. But all substitutes for thoroughness are naturally abhorrent to him. I well remember the occasion at a meeting of graduate students at Harvard, when after the author had read us a chapter from this work, one of my fellow students exclaimed despairingly and admiringly to him, "Really, Professor Lowes, after hearing what you have done there, one feels as if we ordinary graduate students might as well quit trying; we never can do anything like that!"

Professor Lowes only shook his head in sad deprecation. "I am only scratching the surface!" he sighed. "I am only scratching the surface!" And from his tone and expression we felt that what seemed to him his superficiality was one of the great sorrows of his life.

ALAN R. THOMPSON.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In reading a review of G. B. Stern's "The Dark Gentleman" by Leonard Bacon, I was struck with the fact that the reviewer pointed out that for the first time animals were used in literature to point and illustrate human emotions and complications. I believe Heywood Broun also stated something to the same effect in a review. I should like to point out that this particular method and the use of animal characters has been used over and over again, and it seems to me extraordinarily successfully, by Robert Nathan, an author who is much too little appreciated by the general public, although I understand highly thought of by the writing fraternity. Anyone who has read "Fiddler in Barley" will understand what I mean.

In this book, the little dancing dog, Musket, is a perfect example of what the reviewers are praising G. B. Stern for. First honor where honor is due.

CHARLES F. FULLER.

New York.

[*Is not the medieval "Reynard the Fox" a fair example also?*—THE EDITOR.]

What Is Academic?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I hope I shall not appear over-fastidious if I ask in what sense the word *academic* was meant when your editorial of April 23 inquired, "Why is there . . . no literary magazine not academic in all the South?" Did your writer properly consider the case of *The Virginia Quarterly Review*? I cannot imagine his describing this journal with an adjective that is either patently useless or gravely deceptive. Published by the University of Virginia, the *Quarterly* is admittedly academic in origin. To style it so were idle. And where is the reader who has followed the magazine during its two years of life who will charge it with being theoretically aloof, learnedly dull—*academic* in its usual literary sense? The *Virginia Quarterly* is closely grounded in the soil and soul of the South (its university origin is a help not a hindrance in this), and from this steady footing throws lively light upon matters regional, national, and international. I suggest that your writer find the past few issues of *The Virginia Quarterly Review* and read—or reread—certain articles by Broadus Mitchell, Edwin Björkman, and Sara Haardt.

BERNARD M. PEEBLES.

St. Joseph, Michigan.

A Pirandello Play

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It is in your April 2nd issue that Mr. Ernest Boyd states Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are" is the only play since "Six Characters in Search of an Author" to survive the test of production in this country.

It won't cheer him any to know that our Potboiler Theatre has just produced "The Pleasure of Honesty" with a cast recruited from the movies—think of that!—with great success. The cast, headed by Henry Kolker, received ovations from an audience part intelligentzia and part just Hollywood, and neither cast nor audience seemed at all irritated by Pirandello's metaphysical derivations, which seem to bother Mr. Boyd unduly.

The play is, of course, blightingly talky in the first and last acts. But in spite of Mr. Boyd's fulminations against the "hollowness" and "banality" of Pirandello's philosophy the production contrived a mellowness and sparkle; for "bad" philosophy it seemed awfully good drama. But then, this is, of course, Los Angeles. Will Mr. Mencken please note? And, incidentally, none of the movie stars receive a cent for services to the Little Theatre.

ISABEL L. MAYERS.

Los Angeles.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

devoutly in Sussex of today, yet with the glamour of the old Miracle play. She has done this beautifully and tenderly, with interspersed songs; some adapted chants, some original ones, and some of old ballad stock. The poems that precede the plays are of the same locality, the most moving being "St. Mary Magdalene." These are all simple and pure and adorned with local references to places, to flowers, and trees. Here is a garland of poetic devotion by a novelist of great strength and range.

GOD'S TROMBONES. By JAMES WELDON JOHNSON. Viking Press. 1927. $2.50.

This is a beautifully made book. The remarkable drawings are by Aaron Douglas, like the author a Negro, the lettering by C. B. Falls, the well-known illustrator. The cover is a gorgeous gold and black design, the illustrations of black and blue-gray in fine special reproduction. Mr. Johnson, notable artist of his race, has here turned certain Negro sermons into free verse. His triumph lies in the fact that he has not descended to dialect, yet has managed to convey the very intoning of the originals in his striking versions. His preface sets forth ably the significance and gifts of the old Negro preacher. He has culled the material for his text from innumerable sermons heard and witnessed. No one who wishes to familiarize himself with the most artistic and native work that is coming from the literate Negroes of today can afford to neglect this slim, beautiful volume of Mr. Johnson's. It is a work of research turned into a work of re-creation. It fixes in distinguished form upon the printed page the essence of the best Negro preaching of all time. "Go Down Death," a funeral sermon, is, both in text and illustration, one of the most striking of the seven unusual utterances here rendered.

THE BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE. (Second Series) Edited by JOHN FARRAR. Doran. 1927. $2.

Mr. Farrar may be right in his chief contention in his preface to this book, that the American poetic scene "has lost fire." But the Literary Guild's acceptance of E. A. Robinson's "Tristram" as their third choice to send to their subscribers was destined to refute his conjecture that no "Book of the Month" society would dare choose a book of poetry. If, in his figure of speech, the feast of Euterpe has not lost its meat but has, perhaps, lost its savor, there continues to be, nevertheless, a great deal of interesting poetry written today. Mr. Farrar's present selection from the poems that have appeared in *The Bookman* is, indeed, one witness to that fact. To one of the extreme Left in Modern Poetry most of these poems might seem negligible. Few of them, to be sure, are more than interesting. Some are trivial. That there are more men than women included is not indicative of the present tendency in American poetry. With the exception of a few outstanding figures, the women of America are today writing better poetry than the men. Among the names included, Amy Lowell and George Sterling have left us, Franklin P. Adams (a versifier rather than a poet), Benét, Dell, Frost, Guiterman (again a versifier), "H. D.," Le Gallienne, McFee (chiefly a novelist), Jeannette Marks, David Morton, Lizette Reese, Robinson, Scollard, Leonora Speyer, Genevieve Taggard, John V. A. Weaver, Carolyn Wells, Margaret Widdemer, and Marguerite Wilkinson, although belonging to different terms of years, may be loosely grouped as veterans. Mrs. Speyer has recently won the Pulitzer prize for her poetry, Genevieve Taggard is one of the best of the younger women writing. Marion Strobel, Bernice Kenyon, Roberta Swartz, Nathalia Crane, (the child prodigy), are all making places for themselves. Outside of these are Countée Cullen, the negro poet, Hervey Allen, and Joseph Auslander, two of the best of the younger men, Du Bose Heyward, Thomas Moult, the Englishman, and a few others. As we have indicated, the contributions to the volume are uneven in quality, but Mr. Farrar's introductory notes are intimately interesting.

SELECTIONS FROM WHITMAN. Edited by ZADA THORNSBURGH. Macmillan. 1927.

This small pocket volume, one of the Macmillan Pocket Classics, with an introduction that includes a résumé of Whitman's life and a study of the form, structure, and style of his poetry, and also with appended notes, is an excellent primer of Whitman, and should be useful in the study of Whitman in schools. Democratic Vistas, Whitman's essay on Democracy, is also included.

THE ANSWERING VOICE. 100 Love Lyrics by Women. Selected by Sara Teasdale. Macmillan. 1926. $1.50.

Miss Teasdale has aimed "to bring together the most beautiful love lyrics written in English by women since the middle of the last century." Before this period, she tells us, she could find nothing worthy of inclusion except Lady Anne Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray" and Susan Blamire's "An ye shall walk in silk attire." It is a little difficult to understand a taste that excludes Lady Nairne's "Land o' the Leal," surely one of the finest love poems ever written by a woman. Other serious omissions, in a volume that admits such inferior verses as Mrs. Pickthall's "I sat among the green leaves," with its incongruous refrain "The green nuts are falling on my heart," must be named. Isobel Pagan's "Ca' the yowes to the knowes" fully maintains the severe standards of the "Oxford Book of English Verse" and deserved a place in Mrs. Filsinger's collection. And we would have preferred Anne Hunter's "My Mother bids me bind my hair" (distinctly a love poem) to any of a score of more recent poems apparently preferred by the compiler. There can be but little serious disagreement as to the deserts of these particular poems and it is, perhaps, kinder to attribute their absence to Sara Teasdale's carelessness rather than to her taste.

After the 1850 mark she makes some equally serious omissions. Is there nothing in Emily Brontë worthy to stand side by side with such pieces as the late Miss Lowell's "Apology" and "Taxis"? And what of Sara Coleridge, Dora Sigerson Shorter, Caroline Norton, Sylvia Lynd, Margaret L. Woods, Frances Cornford, Fredegond Shove, Michael Field, and many another? Leonora Speyer certainly merited a page even though it were at the expense of Adelaide Crapsey. It is not easy to think, off hand, of an outstanding love poem by Elinor Wylie; but the American reader will rub his eyes when he fails to find her name in the index.

These are not merely arbitrary objections. There must be very grave obstacles in the way of the living poet who, like Sara Teasdale, bravely attempts to satisfy the demands of a high poetic standard in the face of so many living rivals who might take it seriously to heart if she elected not to represent them. This consideration, so far, has been the curse of the modern anthology. We do not for a moment suggest that Mrs. Filsinger allowed herself to be consciously influenced by such ulterior considerations. Far from it. But the grossly disproportionate preponderance here of the American women poets over their English contemporaries cannot be justified in qualitative terms. In some instances, at least, where a poet has been represented by two lyrics, one might have been spared to admit such undoubtedly fine things as have already been suggested. It would have been more to the purpose of the anthology to reject even such a winning poem as Willa Cather's "Grandmither, think not I forget," which is not a love lyric in the accepted sense, rather than omit a second poem by Alice Meynell or Miss Millay.

Nevertheless, when all is said, this is an unusually interesting little anthology and these strictures are not to be interpreted as a sign of ingratitude. One omission only, because it is a sign of grace almost unique in an American anthologist, we welcome warmly, though not without insisting that the anthology is sadly incomplete because of its absence. We refer to Miss Teasdale herself.

A MARRIAGE WITH SPACE. By *Mark Turbyfill.* Covici.

SELECTED POEMS. By *Walter de la Mare.* Holt. $2.

THE VAGRANT OF TIME. By *Charles G. D. Roberts.* Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.

CAPRICIOUS WINDS. By *Helen Birch Bartlett.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY. By *Helen E. Cornell Balmer.* Dorrance.

FROM A CALIFORNIA GARDEN. By *Bessie Pryor Palmer.* Dorrance.

CANADIAN POETS. Edited by *John W. Garvin.* Dodd, Mead. McClellan & Stewart. $5.

STREET LAMP. By *Morris Abel Beer.* Vinal. $1.50.

ECHOES OF MANY MOODS. By *Charles Kelsey Gaines.* Privately printed.

Religion

THE HISTORY OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE BLESSED MARTYRS OF CHRIST MARCELLINUS AND PETER. The English Version by BARRETT WENDELL. Harvard University Press. 1926. $5.

"To true worshippers of the true God, and to unfeigned lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His Saints, Eginhard a sinner." This little book tells how the pious chronicler of Charlemagne, wearied of the congestion of the court, found a spot named Odenwald, "far removed from the vulgar crowd," how he erected houses and a church there, and how he sent his servants into Italy to procure the bones of certain martyrs, and of all that came of their journey. The supposition that there was at Rome "a great abundance of the neglected tombs of the martyrs" proved untrue; the tombs were all too closely cherished; and the servants were obliged to break into the sepulchre of Peter and Marcellinus by stealth and at night. Having secured the relics of Marcellinus, "they went back to their abode in the city." But their leader, Eginhard's notary, was not satisfied.

For, as he afterwards told me, it seemed to him by no means admissible that he should go home with the body of the blessed Marcellinus alone; it would be a great shame if the body of the blessed martyr Peter, who had been his fellow in suffering, and through five hundred years and more had lain with him in the same sepulchre, should be left there when he was going from thence.

So the next night the bones of the blessed martyr Peter also were secured. On their return journey the party observed the greatest secrecy until they were safely across the Alps; then they openly proclaimed the nature of their burden and were henceforth accompanied on their way by "hymning troops of people" singing God's praise. The saints at first objected to the spot in which their bones were deposited and caused the bier to sweat blood, but Eginhard duly heeded the warning and removed them to a choicer location where they were not only content but testified their satisfaction by appropriate miracles. The quaint ninth century tale was rendered into English by the late Barrett Wendell as a relaxation during the writing of his last book, "The Traditions of English Literature." The style is a delight to the ear, and the printing, with type arranged by Bruce Rogers, is an even greater delight to the eye.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE SEASON OF 1926-1927

A REVIEW of its auction season now closing issued by the Anderson Galleries emphasizes the growing interest among collectors in autographic material. Autographs of Button Gwinnett, Signer of the Declaration of Independence for Georgia, are a conspicuous example of this tendency. A Gwinnett signature offered last November brought $28,500, a record price for an American historical autograph. The second, sold in March, fetched $51,000, a record for an autograph anywhere at any time. The advance in fifteen years from $4,600 to $51,000 reflects the growth of interest in sets of Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Aside from Gwinnett items, the season has been one of outstanding importance. Manuscripts of Lafcadio Hearn, in December, realized from $450 to $975 each, according to length; a Roosevelt manuscript review of Capt. Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power on History," sold for $2,500; a 15th century Book of Hours brought $3,600; and a Washington letter to Thomas Paine, March 17, 1782, concerning the evacuation of Charlestown, went for $950. Many new records were made at the sale of American and English autographs in the collection of A. C. Goodyear of Buffalo, in February. A collection of letters from Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield, Miss Kate Perry, and Mrs. Elliot fetched $29,500. At the same sale a manuscript fragment of a speech by Lincoln on September 15, 1859, dealing with slavery and equality, sold for $4,700, and a letter written by Lincoln June 19, 1860, protesting against the unauthorized publication of his alleged biography, went for $2,900.

The American Art Association announces that its thirty-five sales for the season, comprising autographs, manuscripts, books, and prints, realized $910,882.50. A few of the outstanding sales were the notable library of Major W. Van R. Whitall of Pelham, N. Y., which brought over $120,000. The sporting library of Walter C. Noyes of this city, sold in a single session, totaled over $40,000. The famous Conrad collection made by Richard Curle, another single session sale, brought nearly $39,000. The highest price for a single item was $15,400 paid by the Rosenbach Company for the original manuscript of Richard Wagner's "Das Rheingold," one of the most important operatic manuscripts ever sold at auction. The second highest price was $8,400 paid for the first edition of Shelley's "Adonais," a superb copy in the original wrappers. It was unusual that two copies of Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," both in the original wrappers, should appear in two different collections, one selling for $3,200, the other for $3,250. The greatest number of records were established during the Whitall sale, $5,000 being paid for one of twelve known copies of William Blake's "The Book of Thel;" $3,800 for Browne's "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" with manuscript notes by S. T. Coleridge; $2,200 for Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," while "The Temple" of George Herbert realized the same price. A first edition of the "Poems" by John Keats sold for $3,300, and Shelley's "The Cenci," presented by Leigh Hunt to Charles Lloyd, fetched $2,500. Another Shelley item, "Epipsychidion," brought $5,100, and $3,400 was realized for Spenser's "Faerie Queene." It was practically a rule without exception that when material of the first importance, whether autographic or rare books, was offered it found enthusiastic bidders and high prices were the result.

AMERICANA AT HEARTMAN'S

THE auction business of Charles F. Heartman, of Metuchen, N. J., differs from others in one respect, it takes no vacation. Book sales are held, we believe, in every month in the year, those in midsummer being quite as successful as any. A notable collection of Americana, comprising books, pamphlets, broadsides, autograph letters, documents, and manuscripts, selections from various consignments, was sold on May 19, good prices generally being realized. A few representative lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Adams (John). A. L. S., 2 pp., 4to. Philadelphia, March 2, 1798. To Eliphalet Fitch. $116.

Adams (John Quincy). A. L. S., 4 pp., 4to. Washington, March 17, 1841. To Simon S. Jocelyn, Joshua Leavitt, and Lewis Tappan. Protesting against slavery and the right of search on the high seas. $77.

Bartlett (Josiah). A. L. S., 2 pp., folio. Exeter, June 29, 1791. To Col. Joseph Whipple. $77.50.

Burgoyne (Gen. John). L. S. with a few lines in his autograph, 3 pp., 4to. Cambridge, February 12, 1778. To Gen. Heath. $75.

Gaine (Hugh). "Universal Register," for the year 1775, 16mo, sheep. New York, 1774. $88.

Hamilton (Alexander). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to. March 28, 1792. To John Keen. On financial matters. $77.50.

Hancock (John). Printed D. S. In Congress, Philadelphia, December 6, 1776. $85.

Holmes (Oliver Wendell). Twenty-one A. L. S., two original manuscripts, and a note. About 35 pp., 1859 to 1890. $70.

Jackson (Andrew). A. L. in third person, 2 pp., 4to. July 12, 1833. To William J. Duane. $86.

Jefferson (Thomas). A. L. in third person, 1 p., 4to. Monticello, August 8, 1814. To Thomas C. Flourney. $71.

Lee (Gen. Charles). A. L. S., 4 pp., 4to. New York, February 9, 1776. To Robert Morris. $80.

Morris (Robert). Original draft of an A. L. S., 5 pp., folio. Philadelphia, June 26, 1779. To David Rittenhouse. $85.

Morton (John). D. S., 1 p., small folio. Philadelphia, April 6, 1776. $75.

Washington (George). L. S., 1 p., folio. Headquarters Gross Prackness, October 29, 1780. War letter in reference to the court martial of Joshua Smith in connection with Arnold's treason.

NOTE AND COMMENT

AS the eighth number of its series of the Centaur Bibliographies the Centaur Book Shop of Philadelphia announces "Theodore Dreiser" by Edward D. McDonald, with an introduction by Mr. Dreiser. The edition will consist of 300 numbered copies for sale and a large paper edition of 100 copies autographed by Mr. Dreiser and the author.

Peter Davies of London announces the early publication of Charles Knight's "Shadows of Old Booksellers," originally published in 1865, recalling the great figures of the booktrade in the eighteenth century. Stanley Unwin, who recently wrote the book "The Truth about Publishing," recently published, has contributed an introduction comparing eighteenth-century methods with those of the present day.

A long-lost poem of the ancient Toltec Empire, 661 A. D., composed more than 1000 years ago and telling the tale of the glories and downfall of the mythical city of Tula, capital of the Toltec Empire, has been found and translated into English by John H. Cornyn, American journalist, master of the Aztec language, and for many years professor of literature in the Mexican National University. The poem is entitled "Song to Quetzalcoatl."

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Travel

SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN. By C. W. DOMVILLE-FIFE. Lippincott. 1927. $6.

No book for the squeamish is this latest work of the prolific Mr. Domville-Fife, whose wanderings hitherto have been chiefly confined to South America. His hazardous observations among the giant Shilluks, the blood-drinking Dinkas, and the little-known Nuba tribes of Southern Kordofan yielded him a mass of unpalatable data which he sets forth generally with the impartiality of the ethnologist, although he is quite as often entirely frank in recording his own natural disgust. Some of the more lurid chapters, like the fifteenth on black secret societies, are founded on hearsay, but his own account as an eye-witness of an orgy among the Shilluk induces credence in his other authorities. His speculations on the relation between the religious beliefs and customs of the Nubas and the Priest-Kings of ancient Egypt are interesting and apparently have more than a slight basis in fact. There are many photographs of natives, most of them magnificent physical specimens, and the index is full beyond cavil.

ONCE IN THE SADDLE AND PASÓ POR AQUÍ. By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

Composed of two novelettes, whose scene is the southwest of an earlier day, this book treats of a life and characters such as, in fiction, are usually given the distorted dimensions of the fabulous. The first of the tales (both are concerned with outlaws fleeing from justice) presents the familiar situation of the small rancher being hounded for his coveted property by more powerful neighbors. But this beginning soon leads into other channels, which, without break in the unity, contribute steadily to development of the main theme. The conclusion, though rather too abruptly effected, is the essence of good melodrama. In the second story, our own preference of the two, is pictured the gruelling flight across semi-desert country of a bank bandit, who finally takes refuge with a diphtheria stricken family of Mexicans. Though broken in strength, the hunted man remains heroically beside the sick, his better nature uppermost, and cares for them till belated help arrives.

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The Phoenix Nest

LATELY we have enjoyed some really good Scotch—novel-writing. Of course the name of *John Buchan* is not a new one. He has distinguished himself in a variety of ways in the kingdom of letters. He can be grave, he can be humorous, he can be swashbuckling, he can even—at times—be rather bigoted. "Witch Wood," however, (Houghton Mifflin), is just a thoroughly capable historical romance with an element of the horrible, and there's more Scotch dialect in it than you can shake a stick at. And we admit that we can read and enjoy Scotch dialect and Negro dialect as easily as we can read plain English, because we have read both since childhood. . . .

At which moment the awful thought occurs to us that we shouldn't mention this book yet, because we got hold of an advance copy, and it probably won't be out by the time you read this. However, it may be,—and we're not going to give the plot away. We shall merely say that if you are interested in the great Montrose (he is one of our heroes), in the period in Scotland when it was King versus Covenant, in the manifestations of the witch-cult in Caledonia, and in the full-blooded, glamorous style of John Buchan, you will read this novel. . . .

Then there's "Ariane," by *Claude Anet* (Knopf), translated by *Guy Chapman*. We don't know whether the translation is particularly good or not. It seems to be. The Russian girl of this torturing love story is rather fascinating. She is noble in her own inexplicable fashion. The novel is for the sophisticated and for the tragically-minded. But it is unusual and impresses. . . .

F. Tennyson Jesse's "Moonraker" strikes us as a hasty outline of the novel she might have made of a female pirate in the time of Toussaint l'Ouverture. The writing is brightly enamelled. Everything is in *petto*. The characters remind us of those vividly-colored little figures that *Dwight Franklin* fashions and sets against miniature backgrounds on which he plays colored lights. In fact, we should like to see Dwight make some of his bookcase insets of the scenes of this story. He has never done a *female* pirate. The story is almost a juvenile in its complete, boyish objectivity, where there was opportunity for remarkable psychological handling. It is brisk and condensed; action all the way. We thought of *Conrad* given the same theme,—how entirely differently he would have handled it. But we read the small book at a sitting and delighted in its color. The struggle and tragedy of Toussaint deserves a larger canvas. The portraits of him and of his family and of his generals are firmly laid in, however. And we didn't know Miss Tennyson Jesse could draw. Her illustrations for her own story, though amateurish, have vivacity. And we almost forgot to mention that her brief flashlight of the Voodoo practices on the grievous island of San Domingo (now Haiti) is striking. . . .

But a book coming nearer home than any of those we have mentioned, a modern novel more remarkable both in conception and execution, is one of which we heard from *Robert Nathan*, but which, until recently, we had not got around to reading. Bob thinks a lot of "Half Gods" by *Murray Sheehan* (Dutton), and now we can understand why. If this book had been fashioned by an Englishman or a Frenchman it would have attracted twice as much attention as it has to date. The community into which the centaur of the story is born, in the Middle West, is horribly real. The growth of the boy in the story, as the centaur deteriorates under the pressure of his environment, the sodden local characters who unconsciously accomplish the latter's deterioration, the sophisticated and restless Mrs. Delacourt,—all these leave their firm impression. The author misses no opportunity for quiet irony. "Main Street," perhaps, began the kind of examination of the benighted community that Mr. Sheehan here continues, but we venture to say that the whole of "Elmer Gantry" says no more concerning evangelistic buncombe than Sheehan includes briefly in his stride. He touches on every phase of small-town ignorance, hypocrisy, stupidity, and grossness, but without laboring. His centaur is a new character in fiction, convincingly created, so truly seen and followed through the story that even the most fantastic of its elements blends smoothly into the whole. We shall be some time forgetting this most individual and tragic tale. . . .

In view of the recent banning in Boston of their translation, "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars," Payson & Clarke, Ltd., the new firm of publishers, are running a nation-wide questionnaire in the newspapers of the country to discover the popular reaction to the whole matter of book censorship. They announce themselves as intending to be guided by popular feeling, and they pose four questions. (1) The statement is being made very generally, that the great majority of fiction, in order to possess literary worth, must deal freely with sex relations. Do you believe this to be true? (2) Do you approve of censorship? (3) Have you any suggestions to make as to an effective method of applying censorship to books without killing all freedom of expression? (4) If you know that a book deals with sex relationships, are you prejudiced against reading it for that reason? "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars" had been published in fifteen languages before it was banned in Boston. . . .

Doubleday tells us that *Radclyffe Hall*, the *Femina Prize* winner, has a hair-cut which is considered the best shingle in London, and that *Mary Borden*, who will have a new novel, "The Flamingo," out this fall, is called the best-dressed of English hostesses, though an American. They also tell us that *George A. Dorsey*, whose new biography is "The Evolution of Charles Darwin," had his first job teaching Latin, German, Algebra, History, and being librarian at a female college. He also had to ask the blessing. At that point he began his researches as to why people behave like human beings. . . .

A new guidebook to ocean travel, out in about a week, whose title piques our curiosity, is "The Frantic Atlantic," by *Basil Woon* (Knopf). He wrote "The Paris that's Not in the Guide Books." He tells you, among other things, how much to tip, how much to drink, and how to win the pool. . . .

We thank Boni and Liveright for the volumes of The Black and Gold Library. They are, "The Travels of *Marco Polo*," "Tristram Shandy," "A Sentimental Journey," "The Physiology of Taste," "The Dialogues of *Plato*," and "The Complete Poems of *François Villon*," most of all of which we have already read (strange to relate), and all of which we rate among the best books in the world. . . .

This season the same firm will publish two additional titles in the Black and Gold, namely "Il Pentamerone, or The Tale of Tales," by *Giambattista Basile* in the rare translation of *Sir Richard Burton*, and "The Satyricon of *Petronius Arbiter*," based on the now famous contemporary translation by *W. C. Firebaugh*. Then there will be a gathering into one volume of rare books by contemporaries of Marco Polo; there will also be "The Golden Ass," "The Confessions of *Saint Augustine*," *Brantôme's* "Fair and Gallant Ladies," *Castiglione's* "Book of the Courtier," a *Münchausen*, selections from *Machiavelli*, the Comedies of *Terence*, and so on. These are all planned for publication in the future. . . .

Somebody from England told us that "Jew Suss" was a novel being avidly read in that country. At first we did not realize that it was the same book as "Power" by *Lion Feuchtwanger*, published here by the Viking Press. The sale of this book has been slow. It was brought out last October. In January it began to show signs of life. Recently it doubled all previous sales records. . . .

Horatio Winslow, author of "Spring's Banjo" is out in Cincinnati with the express purpose of writing a new and even better novel. He has acquired a French wife who is being gradually educated into being an American; not, we hope, to her detriment. . . .

Donald Ogden Stewart did *not* leave our shores after all. He became severely ill and has been convalescing in this city. He had to cancel his passage and will probably write his "An American Comedy" in America, after all. . . .

The Literary Guild's fourth choice is a book that came to them from the African jungle. It is called "Trader Horn," and was out in the trade edition yesterday, through Simon & Schuster. Guild members reecived it at the same time. *John Galsworthy* has written an enthusiastic foreword to it. . . .

Anent *Phelps Putnam's* title for his book of poems, "Trinc," *Moses Maimonides* postal-cards us, "Surely I have read, and so have you, that 'Trinc' was the most intelligible or the only one intelligible of all the utterances of the Oracle of the Holy Bottle!" . . .

We go to seek the Oracle.

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